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IN THE PATHLESS WEST

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BY

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Frontispiece.

IN THE PATHLESS WEST

WITH SOLDIERS, PIONEERS, MINERS, AND SAVAGES

BY

FRANCES E. HERRING

Author of

"CANADIAN CAMP LIFE," "AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA," ETC., ETC.

Adelphi 562 7.58



LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE. MCMIV

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Preface

THERE "should be a Preface to my book," the critics say, but as I never read those of other people I am afraid mine will scarcely be "according to rule."

In the first place, *The Soldiers Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle*, from which I have quoted freely, was loaned to me by Colonel Wolfenden, of Victoria.

Many of the Pioneers have passed away, but not the memory of them.

All I tell of the Indian life, careless in some respects as it is, cruel in others, can be verified by those who care to write to any of the Indian Agencies or Missionaries along the Coast.

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THE VOYAGE OF THE "THAMES CITY"

CHAPTER I

"A merry heart goes all the day."

THERE had been more than the usual excitement and stir in the barracks at Gravesend. A person would wonder why. For the detachment, according to the "Naval and Military Intelligence," consisted of "2 Officers, 1 Staff Assistant-Surgeon, 118 Non-commissioned Officers and Men, 31 women and 34 children, the whole under the command of Captain H. R. Luard, R.A."

Troops leaving for the scene of the Indian Mutiny, going with set lips and stern faces, knowing all they left, but nothing of whom or what they would meet again in this world, created less stir than this little knot of people who were now preparing to leave England, but not for 'the front.'

No! Amidst all the turmoil of war, and the horrors of wholesale slaughter, the fever of gain had broken out

in a very far-off colony, which, till now, had been overrun by Indians, with whom the Hudson Bay Company had carried on an extensive trade in furs. Here, gold had been "struck" in rich quantities. "Poor man's diggings" they are called, where every man with a pan and a rocker can gain or lose, according to the richness or poverty of his claim or his ability to work it.

Placer mining, which paid fifty dollars for a day's rocking, was anything but uncommon, and the news of it flew fast and far, till sixty thousand miners had flocked in from the United States, Australia, and, in fact, the world over.

The law-abiding citizen was not in excess among these hardy adventurers. The laws and regulations which had been ample for the sway of the Hudson Bay Company over the Western Savages were powerless now, when the tents of these thousands were hastily pitched on the banks of the Fraser, somewhere near the present town of New Westminster, and they proceeded to administer their several codes of "miners' law."

The country was then known as New Caledonia, but the name was changed to British Columbia, and for more than a quarter of a century later it is safe to assert that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would look at you if you mentioned the name, and say vaguely, "British Columbia?—where is that?"

The barracks, as we saw, were unusually excited, for this little band of men with their families had volunteered for the far-off service, where they were to meet

the Red Savage in his war-paint and feathers, his cruel tortures and his stealthy onslaughts.

To open warfare they were callous enough, but to meet these people of whom so little was known and so much surmised, had the element of romance, of adventure in it, and they felt justified in allowing themselves to grow even excited.

As the detachment marched out to the lively music of their band, a little boy, dressed in a brown alpaca suit, having a diagonal band with large white buttons across it, and wearing a straw hat, ran to the side of a surly-looking man whose dark brows beetled over his bilious-looking eyes, and handed him his gloves, clean and nice to put on. He took them, looked sulkily at the little fellow, and, as the officer's attention was engaged elsewhere, slashed the child across the eyes with them. Some of the onlookers called him ugly names, but the boy gulped back the tears, and marched along beside the company, carrying a little basket his mother had given him of handy comforts for the first few days of sea-sickness. She was an experienced traveller, having been born in the Bermudas, and since then generally out on some foreign station. The man we noticed was her third husband, the boy the son of her second. She was a neat little body, evidently the senior of this man, and *as* evidently in delicate health.

Gravesend, so accustomed to the departure of troops, also came out, and the streets were thronged as the little band passed through.

In the hold of the ship a number of fixed bunks had

been put up for the accommodation of the families, like shelves one above the other, and here the women taxed their ingenuity to gain something like privacy.

Captain Marsh had provided the company with paper, &c., by which they might establish a weekly newspaper. This made its first appearance amidst a flourish of trumpets on November 6, 1858, as *the* great event of an eventful year, although such things as the "Relief of Lucknow and Cawnpore, the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, the completion of the Persian and Chinese wars, the extension of telegraphic communication, the appearance of the comet, the marriage of the Princess Royal, the Queen's visit to Cherbourg, &c., &c.," had all transpired the same year. It was called the *Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette and Cape Horn Chronicle*, and was presented to the "citizens" written by hand. This marvellous production came out every Saturday night, and all hands, officers, ladies, children, and soldiers assembled on the poop to hear it read by Lieutenant Palmer. "Great was the dressing and primping to go and hear it—just like going to a theatre at home," said one of the participants, talking of it years after.

The *E. S. G. and C. H. C.* of November 20, 1858, speaking of the reason for sending these men, says: "It at once occurred to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the Colonial Minister, that great advantage would accrue to the Colony could a body of men be sent out possessed at once of military and scientific acquirements, inasmuch as, while in their military capacity they could give all the necessary support to Governor Douglas, their

mechanical and scientific labours would contribute in a most important degree to the improvement and colonisation of the country. For such a body he turned to the Corps of Royal Engineers, where the call for volunteers was speedily responded to, and the *Times* shortly afterwards, speaking of this Corps with reference to the present expedition, said, in a leading article on the subject, 'Whenever Her Majesty's Government want a body of skilful, intelligent, and industrious mechanics to perform any task requiring peculiar judgment, energy, and accuracy, such as the arrangement of a Great Exhibition, the execution of an accurate National Survey, and so on, or even the construction of houses, roads, and bridges, in a new Colony, they have only to turn to the Corps of Royal Engineers and they find all the material they want.'

"Considering, therefore, the circumstances attendant on the despatch of the expedition, there appears no doubt that we have been selected for a duty of trust and importance, and that on our exertions much depends. The Corps looks to us, Her Majesty's Government looks to us, and the Country looks to us, and all expect great things from us. Let us not disappoint, but show ourselves sensible of the honour conferred upon us, and endeavour to prove ourselves worthy of the same: Let us each in our various capacities do our best to aid this work, and let us fulfil cheerfully and contentedly the duties we may be called upon to perform, and above all things remember and stick to the words of the old motto —'*Ubique quo fas et gloria ducunt.*'"

So much for what the editor says. The following contribution to the *E. S. G. and C. H. C.* speaks for what the people themselves mean to do.

"HURRAH! FOR COLUMBIA.

"We are bound for the land where the swift rapids flow,
Where the mountains soar high, and are crested with snow,
Where the buff'lo roams free, in the soft sunny shade,
And the bold forest stretches o'er valley and glade.

Chorus.

Then, hurrah! for Columbia, Columbia the fair,
For the pear, and the plum, and the apple are there;
And who shall dare say that we'll ever repine,
As we laugh, dance, and sing o'er the fruit of the vine?

We are bound for the land where all nature roams free,
By the Fraser's bold flood rolling down to the sea;
Where the red savage yells his "war whoop" o'er the plain,
In his mantle of skin, of the brute he has slain.

Chorus—Then, hurrah! &c.

We are bound for the land where the cataracts roar,
Where we'll spear the sweet salmon as upwards they soar;
When the bright dancing sunbeams awaken the morn,
We'll bring down with our rifle the Elk and Bighorn.

Chorus—Then, hurrah! &c.

Though my muse sings of comforts and joys that are there,
There are dangers, but none we're not willing to dare;
And though perils surround us as upward we go,
Still upward we'll climb to those regions of snow.

Chorus—Then, hurrah! &c.

We'll teach the red savage the use of the spade,
And his ploughshare shall turn the rich mould of the glade;
And his anvil shall ring, tho' his visage looks grave,
As we tell of Old England the free and the brave.

Chorus—Then, hurrah! &c."

This was set to the tune of "Bonny Dundee," and many a night sent its rousing tones and its stirring chorus over the waters of old Ocean.

But the editor had a hard time of it to suit everybody, where all had access to his office, Starboard Front Cabin, *Thames City*. "A friend of mine," he says, "who has an universal contempt for poetry and poets in general, was engaged one day in an animated argument with me on this subject, and after putting down the whole race of poets as thorough humbugs, and ridiculing the slight deviations in grammatical construction, order, &c., which we all know necessarily exist in poetry, gave me the following lines, composed by himself, as illustrative of his idea of the sort of humbug produced by poets in general. Whether they are humbug or not I leave my readers to decide.

"'As I have seen on Alps recumbent height
The storm-fed lion pulverise the light;
So have I seen an enigmatic bat
Fly through the zenith in a slip-shod hat.

Down where wild mountains roll th' imperial barge,
Gave to great Hancock's men peculiar charge;
To drive full tilt against subjunctive mood,
And fatten padlocks on antarctic food.'"

CHAPTER II

"It is an old and a very true saying that 'Time and tide wait for no man.'

"Years roll on and anniversaries come round in regular succession, with no possibility of their progress being stayed by any human effort. The 5th of November has passed, a day which we cannot refrain from briefly noticing, famous as it is for the miraculous preservation of a King, Court, and Parliament from destruction by a gang of desperate conspirators in the year 1605. In all countries, and in none more so than our own, the various events of which anniversaries are celebrated are brought vividly to our remembrance by the observance of old forms and customs. Yesterday, for instance, in England, in every town or village capable of producing a few dozen small boys, might have been seen grotesque figures, supposed to represent the conspirator, Guy Fawkes, carried about triumphantly, hatless, bootless, coatless, or otherwise, according to the peculiar tastes of the boys in question. Whether the image represents the pope, a cardinal, a soldier, a sailor, an old clothes-man, or even Calcraft himself, it is all the same to the boys provided the Guy

(we cannot call him Guy Fawkes) looks as horrible a miscreant as possible, their great end and object being after carrying him about all the morning, subject during the exhibition to be kicked, cuffed, pelted, and sometimes even decapitated, in a manner that defies description, to bear him off and make a final end of him the same night in a large bonfire, yelling and screaming with exultation at the just punishment inflicted on so atrocious a conspirator. So much for Guy Fawkes.

"Since the year 1854, however, we have other great cause to remember this anniversary, for it was on the 5th of November in that year that England's heroes fought so manfully and successfully in the valley of Inkerman, to support the honour and glory of their country. Let the memory of the brave fellows who fell on that day be honoured among us, and may we ever continue to respect, honour, and value those who remain, and at all times let us keep in mind that if we have cause to remember with thankfulness the preservation of King James I. and his Parliament on the 5th of November, 1605, we have equal cause for thankfulness to that Providence which gave success to our arms, and for gratitude and respect to the brave heroes who fought and bled in their country's cause at Inkerman on the 5th of November, 1854."—*E. S. G. and C. H. C.*

There were those listening to this article whose hair was beginning to whiten in the service of their country, and who had been all through the Russian campaign. One of them, Sergeant McMurphy, was a quiet man of medium stature, but erect and military in every move,

not a favourite either, for his discipline was very strict, not to say austere. He had never been courtmartialled or in the guard-house once, and couldn't "see what the young fellows wanted, getting put in there."

It being a festive occasion, he wore his medals, seven of them: one for "long service and good conduct"; the clasp and medal for Sebastopol; one from the Turkish Government; another "Balaklava"; the Cape of Good Hope; "Inkerman"; and a small bronze medal from the Emperor of the French.

The men talked of old times, of narrow escapes, of comrades cut off or disabled, and the women and children lingered on deck, loath to go below till "Lights out" sounded.

"Mac," as he was called, seldom spoke of his past, but a young fellow whose good conduct had won the Sergeant's regard, asked him why the Emperor of the French had given him a medal.

"Mac" took his pipe from his mouth, and in his quiet, unruffled manner, said—

"It was just this way. I was working in the trenches, laying a mine towards the Redan. The Russians were firing from their forts in front of us, when I looked over the earthworks and saw a man of the 90ths, who had been on my party, wounded and lying exposed to the Russian guns. 'I can't stand that,' I says to Dave Simpson, 'I'm going to fetch him in.'

"'You'll get killed,' he says.

"I can't help it. If I do get killed and you go

home, tell the wife the last word I spoke was her name." He glanced somewhat shyly at the fine, large-built woman who sat near him on a coil of rope, with a small child leaning upon her knees.

"I went out. The Russian guns were firing and the man was heavy, more than my own weight. I got him on my knee first; shots were raining all around us. Then between lifting and dragging I got him inside the works. Such a shout as went up all along our line I never shall forget. General Simpson, he came and said, 'It was well done.' Captain Wolseley, of the 90ths, at that time attached to the Royal Engineers, came up too, and said, 'I know that man, don't I?'

"'One of your men, sir,' I said.

"'By Jove! so it is,' and he called the man by name, for he knew every man under his charge. 'You'll hear of this again. What's your name?'

"I told him; and, sure enough, I did hear again, for the Queen sent me three pounds, I got special mention, and this medal from the Emperor."

"Did you ever get wounded, Sergeant?"

"Never had blood drawn on me. I was standing behind the rockwork of a fortification when a cannon-ball knocked down the wall, and gave me such a blow on the head I went down with it, but," with a shake of his head and a smile, "up and at it, up and at it, no time to stop and think there.

"I felt rather low-spirited the night before the taking of the Redan, sitting in the trenches and thinking of the missus there." The wife turned an approving

glance upon him from her bright, dark eyes as she sat with her strong arms folded over the broad expanse of clean brown holland apron. He nodded to her and continued, "So I got one of the candles we used to make in camp, just fat run into a little box with a piece of rag twisted in for a wick, and set to work to write and tell her what was to be done to-morrow, and——"

"Yes!" she interrupted, "a nice letter it was too. He said if he fell to-morrow, I was to be sure the last thought would be for the little ones (we had two then) and me. I was very near my confinement with my eldest daughter, and it was troubling him if I should get through all right. He told me to be sure and bring Johnny, that's our eldest son, up to do his duty, and he'd fight his best to-morrow, whatever happened, for his Queen and his country. I was in Woolwich at that time, and we had an old aunt who used to go out nursing among the Court ladies. She was very good to me then, and used to send me ten shillings most weeks; and very fond of John she was, and thought he didn't write half often enough. She liked to get his letters, she said; they 'made her feel so bad!'

"Just when this letter came to me she was nursing Lady Emily Seymour with her eighth baby. She wrote and sent me some money, and complained John hadn't written to her. So I just took this letter of his and sent it right to her.

"When she walked into the sick-room her ladyship saw she'd been crying, and said, 'What is it, Nurse Henry? You've been crying—what's the matter?'

"She told her ladyship she'd had a letter from her nephew, written in the trenches before the Redan; such a nice letter he'd written to his wife, but she was afraid he'd never come out of that battle alive; and began to cry again.

"'Let me see the letter, Nurse, I'm sure his wife won't mind.' So after a little reluctance the old lady gave it to her. She read it and she said, 'I shall keep this, nurse, and show it to the Colonel when he comes home. He's going to a Drawing Room to-morrow, and he'll give it to Her Majesty.' Aunt, she was quite alarmed at this, but the lady was firm, and the letter reached the hand of the Queen. She in turn read it," and the Sergeant's wife brightened and expanded, "Then Her Majesty said, 'This is a brave soldier and a good husband;' that's what the Queen herself said; and that wasn't all, either, for she gave the letter to her secretary and told him to send me five pounds. 'The poor woman will want some nourishment after her confinement,' she said. Her Most Gracious Majesty thought of nourishment for me! I've had two children before, and no one had troubled themselves about 'nourishment!'

"When that money came to me I felt so proud and rich. Much as I needed it, the good words of Her Majesty were more to me!"

All attention was now given to a powerful bass voice which floated out over the hot ocean. According to the *E. S. G. and C. H. C.* it was "a song written and sung by Corporal John Brown, of the Grenadier Guards,

when the men got some drink for the first time at Balaklava, September 28, 1854. Printed afterwards in *Blackwood's Magazine*."

" Come all you gallant British hearts, that love the red and blue,
And drink the health of those brave lads who made the Russians rue,
Then fill the glass and let it pass, three times three and one more,
For the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

We sailed from Kalamita Bay and soon we made the coast,
Determined we would do our best, in spite of brag or boast;
We sprung to land upon the strand, and slept on Russia's shore,
On the fourteenth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

We marched along until we came upon the Alma's banks,
We halted just beneath their lines to breathe and close our ranks.
'Advance,' we heard, and at the word across the brook we bore
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

We clambered through their clustering grapes, then came the battle's brunt,
Our officers all cheered us on, our colours waved in front;
There fighting well full many fell, alas! to rise no more,
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

The French they had the right that day and flanked the Russian line,
Whilst full upon their front they saw the British bayonets shine;
We gave three cheers, which stunned their ears amidst the cannon's roar,
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

A picnic party Mentschikoff had asked to share the fun,
The ladies came at twelve o'clock to see the battle won;
They found the day too hot to stay, and the Prince felt rather sore,
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

For when he called his carriage up the French came up likewise,
And so he took French leave at once and left them to the prize;
The Chasseurs took his pocket-book, the Zouaves they sacked his
store,
On the twentieth of September, eighteen hundred fifty-four.

A letter to Old Nick they found, and this was what it said,
'To meet their bravest men, my Liege, your Russians do not
dread;'
But devils them, not mortal men, the Russian General swore,
Drove them off the heights of Alma in September, fifty-four.

Here's a health to noble Raglan, to Campbell and to Brown,
And to all the gallant Frenchmen who share that day's renown,
Whilst we displayed the black cockade, and they the tri-colour,
The Russian hue was black and blue in September, fifty-four.

One more toast we must drink to-night, your glasses take in hand,
And here around the festive board in solemn silence stand,
Before we part let each true heart drink to those no more,
Who fought their fight on Alma's height in September, fifty-four.

And now God bless our Gracious Queen and all her royal race,
And may her boys become her joys, still keep the foremost place,
For in the van each Englishman oft saw their sires of yore,
Brave Cambridge showed the royal road in September, fifty-four."

A few minutes later the bugle sounded "Lights out," and every one went below.

CHAPTER III

"CONUNDRUM.—Why is the visitor we expect at the Equator like a man looking for the philosopher's stone?

"ANSWER.—Because he is a seeking (sea-king) what never was."
—*E. S. G. and C. H. C.*

ONWARD plunged the good ship, straining and groaning. They were now in the torrid zones, sometimes becalmed for days, sweltering between decks, broiling above. The men had to parade with necks and feet bare. The band ceased to practise in the afternoons, and instead played during the long, light evenings; even then the heat made their instruments sound so flat that the band-master fretted and fumed in the hot night-air. All over the decks were the women, in every stage of wifehood and motherhood; the children only were irrepressible, and had to have their fun. Extra lime-juice was served out.

One hardship they felt, and that was that the potatoes began to be stinted. There were plenty on board, but these were expected to last the whole voyage. A water-tank, somewhere near the "Dovecot"—as the married people's quarters were called—being empty, it was thought best to fill it with the precious vegetable.

Accordingly a bulkhead in this tank was opened, and the sailors proceeded to carry the large English sacks of these coveted dainties through the Dovecot before the longing eyes of the women and children. At last a big North Country woman could stand it no longer, and as several men were passing through she stepped up behind the last man and ripped a hole in his sack with a long, sharp carving-knife. Those in front could only hear a spill, and imagined the sack of one of their mates had given way. She moved quickly from last to first with the same big carving-knife and the same deft cut, and before either of the sailors had reached the tank the contents of every sack were scattered over the quarters, and ere you could say "Jack," much less "Robinson," thirty-one women and thirty-three children had gone down on all-fours and gathered up every potato, stowing them away in their bunks, boxes, and trunks for future use. The men who had carried the tubers could neither of them call the other "smut," for they were all "in the same box," so they looked at each other, scratched their heads, threw the ripped and empty sacks into the tank, and departed. What could the poor men do among so many doves and dovelings? Many were the cookings they had when they could get on the good side of the coloured gentleman who presided over the caboose to let them boil their pots and have their private feasts.

Sharks now began to appear in the waters round them, attended by the pretty little pilot fish, about as large as a herring, their backs alternately barred transversely



with bands of brown and azure. The men would bait great hooks and fish over the bulwarks for the sharks, when they declared they saw two of the pilot fish direct a shark's attention to the baited hook; whilst on another occasion four of these small attendants on the ugly monsters as carefully tried to prevent their huge companion from taking the tempting morsel. When, yielding at last to his voracious appetite, he swallowed bait and hook and was being hauled up, one of the little fish clung to his side as long as he was able.

One day they got a porpoise on board, and there was a great time, the men sticking it with their swords, and it fighting back. But no one cared for the eating of it, so they let the porpoises alone after that.

What was most prized was the albatross, which, after taking the baited hook, would come flopping and fighting over the bulkhead, and there remain, powerless to get away, as the great stretch of their wings made it impossible for them to take flight from a solid substance like the deck of a ship. They tried to tame one of them, but it was without effect. The men used to take the padded air cushions from their feet after they were killed, dry and dress them for tobacco pouches; and excellent ones they made; some of them are still in use.

Here's an item from the *E. S. G. and C. H. C.* of November 27th: "This morning a flying-fish flew on board about 4 o'clock a.m.; after considerable struggling he was eventually caught by the second officer on board and put into a bucket to keep fresh, but unfor-

tunately he was nabbed by the cat by way of breakfast about 8 a.m."

Later on we shall have the obituary of this same cat to write. At present graver events portend, for notice has been given of a royal visitant, and much flutter and many quakings are the consequence.

In the *Gazette* of November 20th the following notice had appeared under the head of Advertisements :—

"THEATRE ROYAL, *THAMES CITY.*

"GREAT ATTRACTION!

"The manager of the above Theatre has the honour to announce to the inhabitants of the *City* that he has, with considerable difficulty and immense expense, succeeded in securing the valuable services of the following histrionic artists, viz. :—

Charles Sinnett.	Charles Derham.	James Turnbull.
Geo. Eaton.	Henry J. Benny.	James H. Elliott.
John Meade.	Wm. A. Franklin.	James Digby.
	James B. Landers.	

"The Theatre has undergone considerable alterations, and every attention has been paid to the comfort and convenience of the audience. The scenery, dresses, and properties are entirely new and of a first-class description.

"On Wednesday, the 24th instant, will be produced for the first time at this Theatre that laughable and interesting Farce by G. Almar, entitled—

'CROSSING THE LINE; OR, CROWDED HOUSES.'

Wouverman von Broom ..	A Boat Builder ..	C. Derham.
Wouter von Broom	A Pilot	C. Sinnett.
Bluffenburg	A Workman	G. Eaton.
Caulkenburg	A Sailor	J. H. Elliott.
von Brent	A Lawyer	J. Turnbull.
Estelle de Burgh	Ward of Wouverman	H. J. Benny.
Pomona Vondertviller ..	An Oyster Girl ..	J. Mead.

Leader of the Orchestra .. .. WILLIAM HAYNES.

"During the evening several songs and dances will be contributed. ☞ Doors open at 6.30 p.m., performance to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

"ALFRED R. HOWSE, Manager."

At the appointed time Old Neptune came aboard. He looked pretty rough, with rope beard and tarpaulin clothes, and a great three-pronged pitchfork in his hand, as he came over the side quite real like. The rest of the company were with him, carrying a pail of hot tar, a big brush, hoop-iron razors, and a bag of feathers. Mrs. Neptune had a queer-looking baby along too, and she didn't know very well what to do with it.

They had a tarpaulin of salt water on the poop, and sat up in front of it like judge and jury. The soldiers were brought one by one and put on trial. If they could prove they had crossed the line before, they were allowed to go. If not, well, they were tarred, feathered, scraped, seized upon by the officers of Neptune's Court by their arms and legs, and thrown over into the tarpaulin of water.

Such shouting, running, and hiding as there were, you would have thought they were going to be killed. They even went into the forbidden ground of the Dovecot, and hung on to the gowns of the women. But it wasn't any good, they all had to take the barbering and the bath. Some of them, who bowed to the inevitable with a good grace, sang—

"Cheer up, my lively lads,
We'll all get shaved together."

The *E. S. G. and C. H. C.* of the following week thus speaks of the performance: "'All the world's a stage, the men and women merely players' and 'playgoers,' if one might venture to add a single word to anything written by the great Shakespeare, and, as some excuse for the liberty we have taken, we would beg to allude to the opening of the theatrical season on Wednesday evening last, when the superb scenery and fine acting were only equalled by the gratification and approval loudly evinced by a delighted audience in all parts of the house. It is our glory and pride as Englishmen on all occasions to place the fair sex foremost, and we accordingly commence by noticing the two bright stars who have risen in the theatrical firmament, Miss Bridget Meade and Miss Mary Benny, both of whom, by their quiet ease and elegance on the stage, and by the propriety of their diction, gave great promise of future excellence." The Editor goes on with his eulogy as though the twain had really been of the gentler sex.

Then he gives the sterner sex, *as* the sterner sex, their due, and the manager speaks his piece, a—

"PROLOGUE TO 'CROSSING THE LINE.'

"There is not one of us who does not love
At night to search the clear calm skies above,
To watch the light clouds drifting o'er the moon,
And wait for stars we know are coming soon.
And is there one of us who does not cast
Across the magic line we have just passed,
In the deep night when lights are bugled out,
A thought on England, fogs, and 'London stout,'
The shrimps, the prawns, the winkles of the shores
Of that dear land an Englishman adores?
And don't we now and then besides remember
The plays that we have gone to in November,
The little stalls that decorate the streets,
Containing oysters, pettitoes and sweets?
And these delights, are they for ever o'er?
Shall crowds no longer crowd the playhouse door?
Yes; be it known we've entered on the line
Theatrical, great talents here combine
To reproduce the play of Wednesday morning,
When Neptune, after Tuesday evening's warning,
Called with his wife and officers of state,
Whose shirts had collars of the latest date,
Collars so shapely that they well might be
The envy of that swell, Lieutenant P——
Then all men bent in awe at Neptune's rule,
Save some brought forward like great boys to school,
And Hughy Price,* who kept his legs below,
And trembled at his 'Sadder's' overthrow.
At last perhaps our curtain we may raise,
And, when it drops, we hope for some small praise;
Meanwhile we make no promises but these,
That we will do our very best to please,
And trust to frighten no one by our story,
As Neptune did by kissing Fanny Morey."

W. H.

* Hughy Price was a tailor.

CHAPTER IV

"THE *THAMES* CITIZEN

The citizens to rest have gone,
The moon wanes on our lea,
The fresh'ning breeze with cheerful tone,
Sweeps o'er the dark-blue sea.

The dolphin leaps from wave to wave,
In phosphorescence bright,
The flying-fish himself to save,
Eludes his foe by flight.

Our gallant ship with clipper stern,
Ploughs through the moonlight sea,
But England still is loved by them
Who now repose in thee.

And though they travel o'er the main,
Their thoughts revert to home;
Take courage then, my merry men,
Wherever you may roam.

Bold chanticleer with loud, clear voice,
Proclaims the approaching dawn,
The gold-tinged clouds bid all rejoice,
And hail the smiling morn.

Predicate of our future joys,
In our far-distant land,
Arouse you then, my merry boys,
And lend a helping hand.

Time heavy hangs, the day seems long,
Yet jovial we can be,
To-night we have our round of song,
All join in harmony.

To-night we read our own *Gazette*,
When gathered in a ring,
To-night on equal terms all meet,
With heart and voice to sing.

We have no store, no sordid wealth,
Though we may see the day,
But social intercourse and health
Will cheer us on our way.

As brethren we will still remain,
And jovial we will be,
Then let us all, my merry men,
In unity agree."

E. S. G. and C. H. C., December 18, 1858, "*Thames City.*"

There was little more of interest, but much more of the monotony, which began to pall upon the "Citizens." They had their weekly readings, their weekly theatricals, their daily music, when the weather permitted; but the women grew querulous and got along less amicably together, the children were more troublesome, and Sapper Woods, who sat patiently and carved dolls and horses of wondrous symmetry out of stray pieces of wood, found them less easy to please. The weather was be-

coming boisterous, Christmas was coming on, and head-winds stayed their course. They had hoped to spend that happy season on *terra firma*, and they stood in disconsolate groups and studied, for that week, the *E. S. G. and C. H. C.*

"ABSTRACT OF PROGRESS

DURING THE PAST WEEK.

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles Run.
Dec. 12th	40° 38′ S.	47° 50′ W.	S.E. 100 m.
,, 13th	42° 15′ S.	47° 47′ W.	S ¼ E. 88 m.
,, 14th	44° 28′ S.	48° 35′ W.	S.b.W. ¼ W. 139m.
,, 15th	45° 11′ S.	48° 55′ W.	S.b.W ½ W. 46 m.
,, 16th	46° 27′ S.	49° 40′ W.	S.S.W. 82 m.
,, 17th	47° 57′ S.	50° 53′ W.	S.b.W. 91 m.
,, 18th	48° 33′ S.	51° 08′ W.	S. ¼ W. 96 m.

To-day at noon Port William bore S.S.W., 332 miles.

"We were happy to hear yesterday morning that the Commanding Officer had at length issued an order that of late has been much wished for, viz., that we are not for the present to be required to show feet at the morning parades. The certainty that our as yet tender 'understandings' would for many a day have to be exposed to a somewhat uncongenial climate, and that, like young bears, all our troubles are before us, has no doubt induced him to allow us to preserve our extremities from the frosty blasts of the South Atlantic."

But Christmas brought its charms. To be sure, there was no suet for the plum-puddings, but an ingenuous soul thought of soaking out the salt from fat pork and chopping that up to do duty in place of the missing

article. Their thoughts reverted to home and friends, of course, but the commissariat department put out its best efforts, and they had a jolly time. Plum-pudding, extra grog, snapdragon for the children, music and songs for the elders, and a dance for all. The letter of an Irishman to his mamma will best tell us of this. After sundry other things he says :—

"But I suppose you will be wantin' to know how I passed the Christmas. Well, I must begin by tellin' ye that the divil a thimbleful of whiskey crossed me lips, nor as much as the claw of a goose; though by the same token we had a very good dinner, an' as much grog as was good for us; an' in the evenin' we had what they call a ball. Och! may I niver! if that wasn't a ball! It was exactly like dancin' on the slant of a housetop. I'm thinkin' if you just had a peep at us you'd scarcely have thought we were in our sinses. I thried me hand at a jig, but no sooner did I lift me leg than I put it down agin two or three yards off, an' thryin' a bit of a twurl I was landed in the lap of a lady that was restin' herself. Toords the ind of the fun we had the kissin' dance, I think they call it; we all stood round in a ring, and one of the ladies came curtseyin' round, somethin' like the pet horse in a circus, wid a bolsther before her, till she stopped and kneeled down before some wan she liked, and then he'd kneel down on the bolsther before her, an' then—but I'll tell ye no more about it, except that wan came up to me an' put the bolsther down, when jist as I was sayin' to meself, 'Divil mind ye, Pat, but yer the lucky man afther all,'



she snatched up the bolsther an' away she pranced. I didn't care at any rate to have much to do with thim (betune me an' you), for they were so mighty feared of a Row that they wor holdin' up the tails of aach ithers coats for fear of THREADIN' on them. I've no more to say this time, mother, except that Judy an' I had some words about some shuet, but she's behaved herself purty will since. Hopin' this'll find yerself an' the pig well an' thrivin',

"I remain, your jutiful son,

"SAP GREEN."

CHAPTER V

Four days later they hove in sight of Stanley Harbour, Port William, where the pilot who put out to meet them looked as if he might be the "Ancient Mariner," so wrinkled, withered, and weather-beaten was he, and so worn and aged were his sea-going togs. One eye he had lost in his fight with the elements, the other was cocked into the corner as if trying to look round the "Horn."

When he had taken us into Stanley Harbour a Consul came to meet us in a small boat, and was hailed over the side by some of the citizens anxious to know how many herrings he had with him. They wanted to begin their dissipations at once, and were greatly disappointed that he was *only* in an official capacity.

There was not much delay, however, in the arrival of the first bumboat, laden with wild geese of an enormous size and plenty of fresh vegetables, but no soft tommy and no potatoes.

A dark, tall, Spanish-looking man was in charge of the geese. He bestrode his merchandise for safe keeping. He seemed surprised to see so many red-coats, and was astonished at the swarm of women and children

who surrounded him. But his very caution put an idea into the heads of the young fellows, who never lost an opportunity of bringing in their fun. Whilst the Spaniard was bargaining and haggling with those in front of him, making change and pocketing his cash, some one behind drew a goose from the pile, and handing it back, others passed it on; several in this way descended the hatch out of sight, till, looking down at his diminishing wares, he saw a head disappearing, and, turning quickly, comprehended the joke which was being played upon him. He raised a great fuss, but he might have saved himself the trouble, for the men paid for them, delighted to get the change of diet.

They had geese galore, a thumping Christmas dinner, and a dance afterwards, in which many of the islanders joined. They didn't have to perform with the floor at an angle either, but they had a "real good time," such music as theirs being a grand treat to the visitors.

On shore they kept Dean's Store busy; "Rutter's, Cyprian's, and Rudd's" had cause to remember the detachment. A watchmaker's shop attracted the attention of the children, for in the window stood the image of a man with a clock in his stomach. Here they would stand in crowds and wonder many things as the automaton nodded away at them.

The quiet of the staid little old-fashioned place was broken, but alas! for great expectations, there were neither soft tommy nor potatoes to be had. Quiet it must have been in every respect, for it took only one old man to act as guardian of the peace, and his name

of "constable" was to save appearances more than for use.

Now red coats, smart petticoats, and jaunty bonnets made the grim place lively. The unusual, in the shape of women and children, touched the hearts of the lonely islanders, and they opened their doors in the most hospitable manner, and many were the cosy teas our women sat at and talked and talked and talked to their heart's content. One comfort—they could say what they liked about each other and raise no racket, for they would be miles away round the stormy Horn before these people had time to compare notes.

Many were the bonnets and dresses they fixed up too for their hostesses, and many a day were they worn and admired, and reminiscences of the bright faces and cheerful sayings of the visitors called up.

Some wandered to the penguinary, where acres of land were laid in regular streets of penguin habitations, and where the queer birds with their gay plumage, little finny wings, and legs set far back, marched and countermarched by thousands in an almost upright position, "like soldiers on parade."

There were a pair of king penguins on the Governor's lawn, who looked at each other as if trying to get up a conversation, but nothing did they find to say. All had been said that could be thought of, and nothing new had occurred till this astonishing rush of people came up from the ocean, who patted their heads, stroked their soft breasts, and admired them till even a penguin's vanity was satisfied.

Fancy took others to stretch their legs in exploring the island. These saw the wonderful "river of stones." They climbed the bleak and barren mountains, they searched in vain for trees, they visited the lighthouse keeper, and overpowered him with the torrent of their words, for he had been silent so long that he had almost forgotten what to say.

Colonel Moody, who was to take charge of the detachment in British Columbia, had once been Governor of these islands, and several of the men had been here with him, so the whole community felt as if they had suddenly come into a legacy of friends, and they couldn't do too much for them in the way of homely entertainment.

A Mr. Huthlicaut (pronounced "Hulicaw") was contemplating marriage; in fact, this same contemplation had lasted for some years, and might even have continued for ever had not this lively crowd arrived and given him the prospect of a "braw weddin'." He finished his contemplation business, and hurried up his preparations. The bride-to-be was nothing loth, for here were willing hands with ready shears to cut her wedding dress out of any material she might choose, and from any pattern she would prefer.

Being well fixed, Mr. Huthlicaut gave *carte blanche* to the willing workers, who were only too glad to get into a house with a truly * kitchen again. They turned up their skirts in front, pinned them behind, hunted out some blue checked aprons with large bibs, and strings

* Real.

half-way down, with which they tied all snug and taut. Then they went to work with mops and brooms; they scoured and scrubbed and cleaned, till "Old Huli" hardly knew his own house. Others made haggis and Irish stews, cakes and pasties, soups and stuffings, sauces, gravies and salads, puffs and tarts, and I don't know what all, soft tommy not excepted. They skewered up roasts, and made such glorious waste it did their very souls good. We will let the "Muse" of the *City* tell of the wedding. Corporal Sinnett sang it to them afterwards when they were again on "salt horse one day, salt pork the next, and hard tack all the time," till their mouths watered, and they wished they had had only "the crumbs that once they threw away."

HUTHLICAUT'S WEDDIN'.

I'll sing ye, lads, a Falkland sang,
Wi' thumpin' chorus loud and lang,
I'll tell ye o' the gleesome thrang,
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.
The first that cam' was Geordie Cann,
Then Osment too and Wolfenden,
Wi' Jock McMurphy, Dick Bridgeman,
Cam' skippin' to the weddin' O.

Chorus.

There Beauty's smiles baith blithe an' brau,
Wad grace a palace, cot, or ha',
Fair dimpled cheeks wi'out a flau,
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.

There was Morey too and Rogerson,
An' Lindsay cam' to join the fun,
An' Smith cam' ere the feast begun,
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.

There was Normansell and blithe Woodcock,
An' Launders cam' to join the flock,
An' Sinnett wi' his dirty smock,
Gid faith ! he marred that weddin' O.

There was short wee Flux and tall Whitmore,
O' rantin' blades some twa threescore,
Munro and Digby, Hand an' Soar,
Cam' all to join the weddin' O.
There was White, R.A., and 'brudder' Yates,
The bairns that ha' the brimfiu' pates,
An' Howell climerin' oure the gates,
Was no behint the weddin' O.

There was Noble too an' 'Major' Green,
Alexander, Baker, and Jock Linn,
An' Liddell too, tho' scarcely seen,
Gin modest at that weddin' O.
There was Harvey, Murray, Hume an' Scales,
An' Maynard too wha' mak's the pails,
An' Haynes was there wha never fails
To be at sic a weddin' O.

There was tailor Walsh an' tailor Reid,
An' tailor Hughes an' wee Jock Meade,
An' Layman faith ! enjoyed the feed
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.
There was Derham, Franklin, Frost an' Mills,
An' Shannon o' the whiskey stills,
An' Shannon fra' far Limerick's hills,
Cam' loupin' to the weddin' O.

Argyle from 'Brum' an' Mould from Hants,
An' Cockney Wood, wi' oilskin pants,
The town was deaned wi' songs an' rants,
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.
There was Foster, Conroy, Haig, an' Jones,
Rab Stephens too wi' giant bones,
Ye'd laugh to hear the tables' groans
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.

Wi' haggises an' fine cail soups,
Wi' brandy, wines, an' mint-juleps,
Wi' gid brown ale full mony stoups
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.
Wi' ham, an' beef, an' mutton too,
Wi' Athol brose an' Irish stew,
Wi' pies an' pasties not a few,
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.

Wi' livers too, an' hearts an' lights,
Losh ! how they stared to see sic sights,
But all set to an' crammed their kites
At Huthlicaut's brau weddin' O.
An' then they drank to groom an' bride,
Scotch whiskey flowed like ocean tide,
Auld Hu'li' blushed wi' joyous pride,
The bride was fain to redden too.

Said yan wha kenned her fra her birth,
' May she be fruitfu' as the earth,
An' may each little son o' mirth
Be followed by anither O.'
Says he, ' My bairnes shall dare the seas,
An' brave the battle an' the breeze,
Be true as steel, should heaven please
To bless this gleesome weddin' O.' "

Chorus.

As a last deal they tried to exchange two big sheep, Sammy and Van Buster, who had vegetated in "Long Boat Square" till now, for two fat Falkland sheep, but it wouldn't work, so Sammy and Van Buster continued on the trip with the detachment, Van Buster in particular greatly soured in his temper by the loss of the greenstuff he had enjoyed in Stanley Harbour.

A corporal's guard went on shore and hunted up the



laggards, bringing a boat-load of beings as inanimate in appearance as the sacks of potatoes they couldn't get. Ropes and pulleys were fastened round them, they were hoisted on board and given over to their friends, who hustled them to bed "to sleep it off," the officers meanwhile being engaged in diligently "looking another way."



CHAPTER VI

But all things come to an end, and these good people had to stow themselves away again in their cubby-holes and prepare to face the blasts of Cape Horn, for which, however, this stay on land had fortified them.

Sitting on deck you saw the little vessel creep up, up, up the green mountain-wave till she reached its summit, then, as you looked around, you saw, had you only known it, a good representation of the sea of mountains in British Columbia to which you journeyed. The ship, so small in proportion to the giants she encountered, would hesitate for a few minutes on the summit, then down, down, down, till you were in a valley of green waters, and you wondered how it was that the on-coming wave failed to engulf the frail bark.

Quick breathing and hasty footsteps arouse you, and the coloured cook flies past, the big mate after him with a marling-spike in his hand. He gained on the panting darkey, till the latter seeing a coil of rope leaped into it, and the pursuer passed on, searching in vain for his victim. This same mate was no favourite on board, so although many eyes had seen the hiding-place no one told.

These waves were considered a comparative calm, and people were allowed on deck. But soon the heavens darkened, the rain, sleet, and snow came blinding down, the wind howled in the rigging, it made the masts bend like switches, every stitch of sail that had not been already furled was torn to shreds, and it set everything moving that was not lashed down. The hatches were battened down, and between-decks the women sat with their children clinging to their gowns; the men stood near their own; rations were passed as best they could be; no hot tea or coffee could be made. But the storm increased, all had to get themselves to their bunks, and some had to be lashed in—they hadn't the strength to hold on.

In the midst of this the word was passed that a woman had been taken ill, for her hour had come. O God! in such a scene as this! The hatches were raised for the doctor to come down, and with him came a wave of ocean, and many were wet as well as cold. Men carried her to the hospital as best they could, where she was lashed to a cot, and amidst the turmoil of the elements a young life was ushered into this world, and then two lives went out. The surly man we noticed before was left to his own devices, which were, at present, to get all the grog he could from his neighbours and kick his stepson whenever the child ventured near him.

Mrs. Middleton, who had been the only one his mother had "neighboured" with, took charge of him. She had left one of about his age in England with a

married sister who had no children. As she and Middleton had married when he was on furlough "without leave," of course she had had to support herself. So she had been at her sister's when the little one arrived, and nothing would induce the good woman to let her foster-child go out among the Red Indians.

The storm seemed to increase in violence, and there lay two still forms lashed to a cot, ready for burial as soon as the hatches could be raised with safety. Billy crept in on all fours to look at them whenever he got a chance; it made him feel less desolate. This night, as all was in darkness, long after "lights out," a tremendous crash was heard, a ripping and rending of board from nail, that made every heart quail. Women screamed, children shrieked, men shouted—they all thought the side of the ship had smashed in, and they waited to feel the ice-cold water pouring over and choking them as they lay in the darkness and helplessness of between-decks.

But crash! crash!! crash!!! and then the rattle of a heavy chain could be distinguished. There were men there who had passed through such scenes and who even here, when the terror of the women and children almost unmanned them, still waited to catch at any straw. It occurred to these men like a flash that the anchor chain was boxed up in the married men's quarters; that it had probably broken away, causing the rending noise heard; that the calamity had not yet been consummated, but that a few minutes of such heavy work as

the chain was doing would crush the sides of any ship. One of them lit a candle from his private store with a steady hand, sprang from his bunk at the risk of having his brains dashed out, and shouted to others to "come and hang on." A lively scene ensued. Men were leaping, dodging, shouting, clinging. The hammocks of the single men were swaying from side to side like the wooden swing-boats at a fair, their occupants dropping out on all sides and staggering, crawling, stumbling to the rescue. Soon twoscore men were clinging to that chain, and the present danger was past. They held on, too, till it was so securely boxed there was little likelihood of its repeating its promenade.

For two days more the hatches remained battened down, then in a lull, amidst waves running mountains high, all were assembled in the biting blast. The two bodies were arranged on a plank over the ship's side, and amidst a solemn silence of voices some of the beautiful Burial Service was read. There was a grating slide, a splash, a wild cry from a lonely child, and—"Rest for the weary."

Poor little Billy crept away to the dog-kennel unnoticed, and clasping his arms around the neck of one of his canine friends he cried himself to sleep. The other one lay near him and kept him warm.

The storm rose again, the hatches were battened as before, and only the unconscious child was left on deck.

Whew! how the wind shrieked, the good ship

groaned, and the subdued and saddened "Citizens" below clung to their berths. Some of them had got to care little whether the ship stayed up or went down so long as this terrible storm in the darkness and horror of between-decks came to an end and they were again at peace, even if it were at the bottom of old ocean.

Now the pair of dogs were thoroughbreds, and were coming out on consignment, so they were provided with a good watertight kennel well lashed to the deck; but the late storms had loosened these lashings, and a sea struck the good little ship with such force that she shivered from stem to stern like a living thing. As it left it carried kennel, dogs, and sleeping child with it. The progress of the ship had been stayed by the shock, and she stood almost on her beam ends, so when that wave returned it brought back the kennel, one dog, and the child, his arms still around its neck, his tear-stained little face still pillowed on the shaggy coat. The kennel was jammed in in such a way that there was no danger of its moving again.

"My God!" ejaculated the big, burly mate, who had watched the return of the kennel, and had looked, never expecting to find anything inside, "It's the poor little chap whose mother was buried last night, and one dog." He looked over the bulwarks as he stood, and there was the other dog uselessly battling amidst the waves for his life and heading towards the ship. Poor Jack!

The hatches could not be opened, so he took the



dripping child to the Captain and asked what he was to do with him, telling him of the almost incredible incident just related. "Take him to the missus," he said, and he looked at the boy with longing eyes, for he loved children, but never a child had he.

CHAPTER VII

THE storms of the Cape safely passed, plenty of hot tea and coffee, cooked meals again, with as much fresh meat and vegetables as they could eat (for the supplies laid in at Stanley Harbour had kept well enough through the cold weather they had encountered) made the married people appreciate the blessings of finer weather, and allowed the single ones to go on with their music and their theatricals, their songs and their pranks generally.

They had passed the vicinity of Juan Fernandez, and its history had been related by the *E. S. G. and C. H. C.*, eliciting the facts with regard to it that wild horses, goats, dogs, and cats are abundant there; that plenty of fruits, vegetables, and cabbages grow wild, and that at this time one Chilian family formed its sole inhabitants; and they claimed the best and readiest stream for water; the island being about twelve miles long and six broad.

The weather was growing warm again, the glorious sunshine settled once more all day long on the decks, children swarmed up from below like butterflies and flowers in summer, the only sick man on board being the chief contributor to the *E. S. G. and C. H. C.*, who suffered from an attack of the mumps, "a malady which

interferes with the faculties in general, those concerned with the science of eating and drinking more especially. We trust, however, shortly to see him again in his accustomed place, not only on Saturday evenings, but on others also, when with his hands in his breeches pockets, a short pipe in his mouth, and a Glengarry cap on his head, he will appear as before, in deep conference with Sapper Scales, the recognised master of the ceremonies, respecting the order for the dances of the evening."

The warm weather did not agree with all on board the *City*, however. Poor Sammy and Van Buster developed "tick" to such an alarming degree that they were doomed to go overboard. Sammy was too far gone, but some of the men begged Van Buster off; his choleric temper had endeared him to them, and they resolved to treat him to a tobacco bath. For this purpose they levied a subscription of this precious commodity, and Van Buster came through the ordeal in better health and worse temper than before, to their entire satisfaction. What the goat was to the Welsh regiment he became to them, and never horned sheep throve before as did our friend Van Buster.

All serene, everything going as "merry as a marriage bell," peace and security reigned on the *City*, when out blazed the bugle "To ARMS!" Every man seized his carbine or his sword, whichever came first, and up the hatchways they came tumbling over each other from below, in every kind of undress.

The women and children between-decks made no out-



cry, only held themselves in readiness for *anything*, and waited, listening. The general idea was: Pirates!

There was a rush and a scramble on deck, but not a shot was fired. Looking from the portholes they saw all the boats lowered in a jiffy.

"We are sinking," they said quietly, and they put what money they had into their bosoms, donned their best and most durable clothes, and were prepared to leave the ship when called, and in the order given.

The cause was simple enough. The steward had used his keys and his liberty among the stores to allow the crew an unlimited supply of rum. The consequence was that they felt far too inflated to submit to Captain Glover and his officers. So they held council of war among themselves, elected a captain and officers, and proceeded to inform the present officers that their services were no longer required, and that they must leave the ship to them, and abdicate quietly or be shot.

The fat nigger cook and others of the new reign were in the Captain's cabin, giving their ultimatum, when the bugle-call dumfounded them. In their haste to be great, they seemed to have forgotten the presence of the military, or if not, it was only to think they would acquiesce.

Their fright somewhat sobered them, and they began to realise things were not quite their own way. The soldiers appeared at the cabin door, drawn swords in their hands, discipline in their gait, determination in their eyes. Those who had so valiantly held up the lone Captain made a bolt for the portholes—only the

nigger was too fat to get through, and there he stuck fast, till hauled out by the heels, and, comfortably arranged in irons, he was placed below for safe keeping.

The rest were dropping from bowsprit and mizzen chains into the boats or into the water as the case might be. So many scrambled into one boat near the bow that it sunk and left them struggling in the water, from whence our men fished them out, and sent them in graceful anklets and wristlets of iron to keep the cook company.

Men were found from among the detachment who could follow the directions of Captain Glover and his able officers. The ship's course was turned towards Valparaiso, from which port we were only about one day's sail. This was an unintentional digression, as the Chilians were then in rebellion. But the Captain must have a new crew, and by the same token the idiotic mutineers must get their deserts.

It took four days to have them tried, condemned, and imprisoned, and to ship a new crew of Mexicans.

The detachment was not allowed on shore, but bumboats came out with plenty of soft tommy, potatoes, vegetables, fruits, poultry, eggs, and what not. As none were allowed on board, the bartering went on over the *City* bulwarks, old clothes disappearing like magic, and baskets of edibles taking their places.

The officers of the Commissariat, Dr. Seidle, and those needed for the trial of the mutineers, went on shore, and one of them says: "Nearly everything except fruit and articles of diet is very expensive, and

dollars fly about as shillings do in England, but everybody seems rich, and all, more especially the Chilians, dress in the most expensive manner. The ladies, both Chilian, Spanish, and French, are many of them very beautiful, but there are few to be seen, as, owing to the disturbed state of the country, most of them had either shut themselves up or gone to their country residences. The crinoline is something awful. Regent Street can produce nothing like it, and we would advise any gentleman who may have the good fortune in future to meet one of these fair walking balloons, to get well to the windward of her, unless he wants his eyes filled with an amount of dust that is anything but satisfactory. The carriages are wonderful affairs made to hold four, but affording an almost certain prospect of at least two out of the four being pitched out at an early stage of the journey. They are drawn by two horses, who dash them along at a fearful pace over ditches, and stones, and lumps, and holes, and shake you up like the pea inside a tin rattle."

The Mexicans proved good seamen, and the voyage was made without further mishap. The detachment and its belongings disembarked at Esquimalt Harbour in the last week of March, 1859, with the satisfaction of having performed the longest trip ever undertaken by any of the forces of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

"A FAREWELL DITTY.

"A ship once sailed on a voyage long,
With sixscore soldiers stout and strong,



ESQUIMALT.

British Naval Station on the Pacific.

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With married women thirty-one,
Thirty-four children plump and young.
October the 9th they came on board,
October the 10th the Pilot roared,
'All hands up-anchor!' and off they go,
To the tune of the sailors 'ho heigh ho!'
Gravesend behind, soon came the Nore,
The Downs at last, but not before
October the 17th, fifty-eight,
On a Sunday night and terribly late,
Did the good *Thames City* weigh once more,
And down the Channel foam and roar.
So they sailed along did this goodly crew,
Some sick, some seedy, some white, some blue;
By and by, however, they all got right;
A paper they had each Saturday night,
Afterwards songs in the moon's pale light;
And oft they would dwell on their prospects bright
In Columbia land, their destination,
With its mines of gold for the English nation.
Christmas Day they spent at sea,
And made themselves jolly as jolly could be.
Three days after they made the land,
And soon the Pilot's steady hand
Steered them straight into Stanley Port,
For fear they should ere long run short
Of water—15 days spent here,
Where provisions of all sorts were horribly dear.
Heigh, heigh, ho! they're off again
To the horrible cold and the pelting rain,
And the winds, and the sea, and every ill
Of Cape Horn's dreary regions, till
In 40° South the weather became
Mild and fine and jolly again.
Four days then in Valparaiso,
Where, it's quite true, though I'm sorry to say so,
They can't find anything better to do
Than squabble and kick up a hullabaloo.
Off again on St. Valentine's Day;
They crossed the Equator, so they say,

On the 6th of March, and, doubt it who may,
No one got drunk on St. Patrick's day.
At length a chap, said to be witty,
Thought he would write a farewell ditty,
So when 17,000 miles they'd run,
And all were happy and full of fun,
He determined to pay his farewell debt
To the dying *Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette.*
And, when scarce 500 miles from harbour,
Thus commenced his long palaver:—
Farewell to the cold and freezing blast,
The bursting sail and quivering mast:
While foam-capp'd waves defy the gale,
We'll snugly sip our foam-capped ale.
Farewell 'head winds' and 'quarter breezes,'
Each puff may come from whence it pleases;
Farewell to Cape Horn's cold and wet,
Farewell the tropics' sun and sweat,
Farewell the fok'sle, waist, and poop,
Farewell thick biscuit and thin pea soup,
Farewell the suet, grog, and junk,
One was weak, the others stunk.
Farewell to the hencoop and lonely duck,
Farewell to Long-boat Square and muck,
Farewell to Laundry Lane and Galleys,
We'll cook our grub in glades and valleys.
Farewell to sheets, and spars, and sails,
Farewell to dolphins, sharks, and whales,
Farewell to the rigging, farewell to the decks,
Farewell to the hatch where we nigh broke our necks,
Farewell to the Dovecot, farewell to the bugs,
And the noises that every night sound in our lugs.
Farewell to the cabin, farewell to the goose,
Farewell to the pantry, and steward's caboose,
Farewell to the hammocks, farewell to the clews,
Farewell to the would-be Irish stews,
Farewell to cockroaches and thieving cats,
And a long farewell to those horrible rats
That screech and quarrel every night,
And make one shudder and feel in a fright.



Farewell to parades with bared necks and feet,
Farewell to the lime-juice that's hardly sweet,
Farewell to the water of rusty hue,
Farewell to the 'Abstract of Progress' too;
Farewell to our everlasting view
Of cloudy sky and ocean blue.
Farewell to the Petrel's warning note,
Farewell to our dreary life afloat;
I've three good hearty farewells yet,
Farewell to the *Emigrant Soldiers' Gazette*,
A long farewell to the old *Thames City*,
Farewell at last to my farewell ditty."

E. S. G. and C. H. C.

ROYAL ENGINEERS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAPTER VIII

THE first detachment of Royal Engineers left England on September 2, 1858, on board the steamer *La Plata*, under the command of Captain Parsons. On this occasion Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton went on board the steamer when she was off Cowes and addressed the men at some length, impressing on them the interest he felt in their welfare and how much the ultimate success of the new colony depended on the exertions of themselves and their comrades.

This detachment went at once to Fort Langley, some twenty-five or thirty miles up the Fraser, and where the Government already had under construction a church, a parsonage, a courthouse, and a jail.

A Hudson Bay trading post was already in existence here. The "Fort" consisted of a stockade some twenty feet high, built from timbers squared with an axe, sunk some feet into the ground and well braced within. A wooden bastion frowned from each corner,

provided with eyeholes for spying the country or shooting, as the case required. This enclosure could be secured by a heavy gate of the same material as the walls of the stockade, and all was safe from the attack of Indians, even if they came in large bands, so long as they were kept at a distance sufficient to prevent them firing the stockade or throwing brands into the enclosure.

This was easily done, for the Indians were only provided with the old-fashioned flintlocks; the Hudson Bay Company imported no other for sale, and the price of these was so high that only the most expert hunters could obtain them. Any hunter aspiring to the possession of one of these muskets had to bring the skins of mink, martin, beaver, and bear, and place his skins flat on the ground. The factor brought out the coveted "musket" and stood it beside the pile of furs. When these reached the level of its muzzle the flintlock was the Indian's proud possession, the pile of skins the profitable investment of the Company.

Within the stockade stood a long, low, log building for the stores, with a small, square window and a very strong door. A general building served the white employees, some clap-board shacks were occupied by men who had taken to themselves "maids of the forest," lawfully or unlawfully as the case might be; from these latter swarmed the brown, pretty, chubby, round-eyed half-breed children, their movements little hampered by clothing. Last, but not least, was a comfortable one-story log-house, with a nice verandah in front, where

resided the Hudson Bay factor in charge, and his progeny of the same colour and breed swarmed with the rest.

His Grace the present Duke of Argyll will remember this house, after the stockade had been removed, for it happened when he was Governor-General of Canada that upon one of his hunting expeditions he slept here. The factor of that time was living alone, merely keeping a store for the Hudson Bay Company and selling off its valuable land. On hearing that he was to have so distinguished a visitor he proceeded to make preparations in his own peculiar way. He applied to his neighbours to supply whatever he felt was missing from his own establishment. Amongst other things he considered a feather bed a necessity, so he asked the wife of an old employee for the loan of hers. She sent it up with clean sheets and other necessaries, thinking the factor capable of making it up, as she was busy cooking for the expected guest as well as she knew how. The factor made up the bed, and very comfortable it looked to the tired hunter when he sought his couch that night. But alas for the hollowness of things in general and of that bed in particular! No sooner had His Excellency tried its soft downiness than he became conscious of some hard lines beneath him. But "needs must," so he went to sleep, to wake up after a while, stretched like a herring on a gridiron; the feather bed had slipped down between the far-apart wooden slats upon which the moony old factor had laid it with no sub-mattress for support!

But we must return to the earlier times. The detachment were not long left in idleness. There was wild excitement over the great gold discoveries, and miners came by thousands into the country, principally from California. All kinds of steamboats and sailing craft were put on the route from San Francisco to Victoria to accommodate the crowds of miners and prospectors. Among the motley crowd was the notorious Ned McGowan, murderer, robber, gambler, and general all-round tough, who had joined the general exit in order to flee from the vengeance of the Vigilantes, who were hot on his trail, and he knew his neck would pay the price of his many crimes if they caught him.

Ned wanted a good location, but he did not want the trouble of looking for it, so he and several choice spirits of his own wandered round the bars below Yale. They found what they wanted on Murderer's Bar, just below Fort Yale, which was situated some seventy miles up the river at the head of navigation.

Here they found an Irishman hard at work panning out gold at the rate of from five to fifteen dollars a day. It was in the fall, when the water was at its lowest, and the prospects, of course, were richest.

They stood round and watched Mike for a while. Then Ned remarked, quite casually, that he thought Dooley had more land than he needed, and they intended to turn in and help. Dooley did not need any help, and told them so. They threatened him in various ways, but Dooley held his own, finally saying to them, "This

is my claim. I've recorded it; it belongs to me by law, and—God save the Quane!"

"Just say that again," returned the bully, "and I'll have you buried alive!"

"God save the Quane!" said the plucky little Irishman, without any hesitation, as he looked the giant outlaw in the eye.

"Dig a trench, and bury the blasted beggar!" was the order given, and Ned wandered off looking for other claims and to see what he could do with their owners.

The men bound Dooley hand and foot and proceeded to dig a deep trench in the sand, Dooley meanwhile looking calmly on. When it was deep enough to suit them they threw Dooley in and began to cover him up.

"What do you say now?" they inquired.

"God save the Quane!"

They covered him to his neck and asked, "Will you say that again?"

Dooley spat the sand from his mouth and promptly replied, "God save the Quane!"

The leader returned; only Dooley's mouth and eyes could be seen. McGowan knelt down, and looking into the pit, asked exultingly, "Now what do you say?"

"God save the Quane!" came as doggedly, if less distinctly, from the little hole in the sand.

"Oh, pull the beggar out and let him go!" said Ned. Not that he was merciful or even manly enough to

admire the little Irishman's courage, but Judge Begbie, for so long the terror of the evildoers and rough border element that naturally flocked to the mines, had established himself and his court at Yale.

As winter was coming on, Ned McGowan and his gang camped at Hill's Bar, opposite Yale, and prepared to spend the winter, mining the Bar whenever weather permitted.

The Judge appointed tax-collectors, and ordered that all miners should pay a license fee of five dollars and take out a miner's certificate before being allowed to mine. The tax-collector went over to Ned McGowan's camp and demanded the license fees. The miners refused to pay; the collector showed his authority and insisted. McGowan, hearing a disturbance, came up to see what was the matter. On being told, he deliberately spat in the collector's face, following up the insult by a sounding slap. This was the signal for a general assault, and the collector had to run for his life, nor did he escape until he had been pretty roughly handled by the mob.

When it was reported to the Judge that the law had been thus defied he immediately despatched a canoe with some Indians and a trusty messenger to what is now New Westminster, the latter going on to Victoria by steamer.

He reported the whole matter to Governor Dunglas, who called his cabinet together. After due consideration it was decided to send the messenger at once with instructions to Captain Grant to go forward next day



with his thirty men fully armed from Fort Langley per steamer to Yale. Instructions were also sent to H.M.S. *Tribune*, then lying in Esquimalt Harbour, to proceed up the Fraser River as far as possible. She anchored at the mouth, being of heavy draught. Her large steam launch and a number of boats were got out. In these three hundred marines with two brass cannon were rushed up the river and encamped at Fort Hope, some fifteen miles below Fort Yale. Here the two cannon were set up to command the river, which here narrows to a rocky gorge.

In the meantime Captains Grant and Parsons had received their instructions and gone on ahead of the marines, having issued sixty rounds of cartridges for rifles and twenty-six rounds of ball for Colt's revolvers to each man.

The captains and their men, after a trip of one and a half days on a river steamer, going up against the strong current, arrived at a place called Emory's Bar, about three miles below Yale. Here the little band of red-coats disembarked without molestation, although all the men at Yale had received word of their coming, and were expecting them. In Yale and vicinity were camped some eight thousand miners—the great disturber, Ned McGowan, making his boast that, as soon as the red-coats arrived he and his gang would tar and feather the lot and throw them into the Fraser.

After landing, our men were drawn up in line (a very thin red line), and Captain Grant addressed them, telling



FORT YALE.

Scene of Ned McGowan's Exploit.

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them his orders were to proceed to the miners' camps three miles above and arrest the notorious outlaw, Ned McGowan. If the miners resisted the arrest, a conflict would ensue, and he advised them to keep up their courage, stand together, and never give up till the last round had been fired.

The men signified their intention of following this advice by giving three ringing British cheers, such as the surrounding mountain heights had never heard before, and the order was given to march. After following a trail through the forest for about an hour in single file, they suddenly emerged upon a clearing, from which could be seen in a line on the bluff above the river hundreds of miners' shacks, camps, and tents. They were greeted with rounds of cheering from the miners.

Captain Grant immediately halted his men and drew them up in line, not knowing if this meant welcome or defiance. After standing thus for a short time, several of the leaders came down to within speaking distance of the stationary red-coats; the Captain advanced to meet them, when they asked him "what he wanted." He said they had "come to arrest Ned McGowan."

They told him his man was not on this side of the river, that his camp was on the other side, higher up, where about five thousand men were camped with him. They said most of the men on this side were Cornish miners, and if they could be of any use they would assist the military.



Captain Grant then ordered his men forward, and they marched right through the miners' camp to the Hudson Bay Fort at the upper end, close to a little square shack which did duty as courthouse. The men were filed into the large general room, or employees' quarters, at the fort, which was constructed on the same plan as the one at Fort Langley, and kept "under arms" all day.

Judge Begbie issued a summons, calling on Ned McGowan to appear at the courthouse on a charge of common assault, and sent a constable over to his camp to serve it. All waited in anxious expectation of the result, but, to the surprise of all, in about an hour the constable appeared, accompanied by the redoubtable Ned McGowan.

When Ned received the summons he knew that his game of bluff was up, for the British law was backed by the red-coats in Yale—how many he did not know, but he was aware that three hundred marines cut off his retreat below, and there was no escape above Yale, for the trails and mountain passes were blocked with snow, and other ways out there were none. So he meekly appeared before Judge Begbie in the little square court-house in answer to the summons, and the judge fined him twenty-five dollars for common assault, and told him he only wished he could deal more harshly with him. Ned pulled out his purse and paid the fine, but he returned to his camp sore and angry, for it was the only time his authority had been successfully disputed.

When the collector next presented himself in the

redoubtable's camp the miners paid their licenses with no more ado.

The Royal Engineers and the Marines returned to their respective stations without having fired a shot, and the unflinching judge continued to administer the law to its utmost limits, without fear or favour.

CHAPTER IX

"For my old grandmother used to say,
'Friday is such an unlucky day.'"

On Good Friday, 1859, the whole of the Cape Horn detachment, bag and baggage, came up the Fraser in the steamer *Eliza Anderson*, past the present site of New Westminster, and on to Langley, where they occupied the buildings already erected by the Government.

But their stay here was short, for Colonel Moody had seen the beautiful stretch of river coming down almost due south; then, with a sudden bend, it widens out and runs in a westerly direction for some two miles or more, leaving a lake-like expansion of water below the finely wooded slopes.

A large flat, several square miles in extent upon the south branch of the river, was first selected, and here, upon piles, a Custom House was built. But one spring freshet convinced all concerned that this location was untenable, as the whole proposed town-site was under water for several weeks.

The final survey was made on the north, or present

site, and almost a mile up from it a military camp was established. To this the women and children of the detachment, under a guard, were brought down from Langley in schooners, which was somewhat dangerous, as the contending currents carried these craft into the bush on the banks and the eddies and whirlpools of the centre, and the wind only filled the sails at uncertain intervals. Thus, when they came near to a newly-erected jetty built below the camp, and to which boats and canoes were moored, it being a handy landing-place and something new to the inhabitants, the first schooner came on with too much headway, crashed it in, piled boats and canoes in a promiscuous heap on shore, and precipitated the expectant husbands and fathers of its occupants into the water. The women screamed at first, but the harder-headed ones got buckets attached to ropes and threw them overboard, hanging on to their burdens like grim death till relieved by stronger but not more willing hands. Tents had already been set up and allotted, and in these they passed six months of the finest summer weather any one need wish to camp in.

School, hospital, stores, church—everything was under canvas, the only brick structure in this part of the world being an arsenal not many feet square, built upon the hillside, with an iron door and roof, for which the bricks had been brought from England and cost something like twelve and a half cents apiece by the time they were in the hands of the bricklayer, whose wages varied from five to seven and a half dollars per day. Even brick chimneys were scarce in those days.

so they met the young couple at the hospital on their return from church with music and military honours. Going in to the wedding breakfast, they insisted upon mixing the "loving cup" in a basin from the bridal chamber, and from this article every one present was expected to follow the bride in taking a sip.

But this country of male creatures was broken in upon, for the *Robert Law* arrived in Victoria with its precious consignment of women and girls, ostensibly for sewing, service, and so on. Several even went as private governesses, and when it was found that the children knew more than their teacher, the mistress took her place, whilst she relieved the lady of the house in the kitchen.

Many were married within the month, others were more cautious, or more ambitious, and waited longer. A few went ill, as they would have done had they not come out to a new country, and many were the happy homes established.

Anxious glances were cast by well got-up swains, as they came to the mainland on the crowded steamers, to fill different positions, and you needed to be polite to your servant, for maybe next month she would have married into officialdom, whilst you were only in the mercantile line; some ladies went so far as to take them out calling with them in the embryo city, which as yet lacked a name.

Victoria had already taken the much-coveted one of our late beloved Queen; so the citizens and the military met to discuss the knotty question, and feeling ran riot over

Queensborough or Queenborough. At length the dispute took on party feeling, and this little handful of aspiring Britons referred the matter to the Queen herself, who, with her usual tact, and insight into affairs, chose neither, but every one was happy in her most gracious selection of "New Westminster." They dubbed themselves accordingly members of the Royal City, and were proud of having derived their name from the greatest and best of Queens.

Now that the Royal City had received its name, the first street was constructed upon the banks of the river; wooden shacks were built, each owner making his plank sidewalk in front of his own place at the height which suited him, the street accordingly going up or down a step or two in the most unexpected places, so that you had to watch your progress, or make an exhibition of yourself, especially in frosty weather; even in the wet, it was hard on the skirts of the ladies. After dark it was a work of art to navigate one's self among these pitfalls, for there were no street lamps, so all was total darkness when the stores had closed. The flitting shadows from lanterns carried in the hands of pedestrians quivered here and there like "will-o-the-wisps," and you sought your lantern after an entertainment as you would your overcoat, and many were the searchings of heart over the missing ones, for those who had neglected to bring their own seldom hesitated to borrow their neighbour's without leave or license.

Out in front of these stores piles were driven, and then were covered with heavy planking and served both as

wharf and street, the river, of course, being the great highway of traffic. Boats built for the Gulf trade could not surmount the rapids of the Fraser, which required boats of greater steam pressure, propelled by large wheels at the back; even then at a riffle just above Fort Hope the passengers had to be put ashore, huge tow-lines carried forward, and placed around stumps, when crew and passengers would have to hold on to every inch made by the engines till she was over the riffle, and then walk for several miles to Emory's Landing before it was possible to get on board again; and mind, you had to pay ten dollars passage money to Yale, one dollar for every meal on board, and one dollar for a bed, sleeping three in a state-room, in a little bit of a bed you could not turn round in. It took a day and a night to go up against the currents, and you only reached Yale on the afternoon of the second day when you had made a quick trip; when the nights were dark or stormy it would be necessary to tie up till daylight before attempting the upper reaches of the river. Coming down with steam and current only occupied seven or eight hours, according to the way-places called at.

Steamboats left Victoria in the morning, landing at New Westminster some time in the afternoon, therefore the crowds of miners coming in had to stay overnight at the latter place, which necessitated the building of hotels, and incidentally a squaw dance-house and other places of amusement for the passing throng. One hotel-keeper, more enterprising than the rest, added a theatre, in the shape of an extended wooden shack, at the back

of his hotel. Here our old friends of the *City* sometimes delighted crowded houses. "Rob Roy" was in their repertoire, and Rob himself made a splendid showing in his kilts, but no amount of coaching could eliminate the early habit of his speech, and it was comical to hear the doughty Scot going through his part, letter-perfect as it was, with the accent of Bow Bells; whilst it was always doubtful if Helen McGregor could be kept sufficiently sober to come in at the finish and do her sword scene safely, even if she did not finish up by falling over her victim, Helen being of the male sex.

Apropos of this particular theatre, a company of actors, landing from no one knew where at Port Moody, the extreme head of Burrard Inlet, walked in over the Indian trail, carrying on their heads and backs the paraphernalia and dresses of their craft. Here they played for three or four months, every night in the week except Sunday, to "No standing-room left," a dollar a seat being the price of admission to any part of the house. "Come early and take your choice" was the rule, although a few seats were always reserved in front, in case any gentleman was so fortunate as to accompany a lady there. One night Governor Douglas and suite, the officers from camp, and those from a man-o'-war lying in the river, were to be present. It being some special gala day, they were all in uniform, and the front seats of the house had been reserved for them.

Of course the bar of this hotel was well patronised on these occasions, the drawer or box used as a till requiring

two men to carry it out after the performance, for from six to nine hundred dollars in silver was there collected. Upon this occasion, one of the actors came out and announced, "I am the King!" No sooner had the words left his lips than an excited individual arose directly behind the seats of officialdom, and waving his long arms like a windmill demanded, in stentorian tones, "How dare you, sir! How dare you make such a statement in the presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty's representative, and in the face of her naval and military officers and their attachés! How dare you, I say! They and we, all very well know Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen still sits upon the throne of England, and 'long may she reign!'"

His sentiment was applauded to the echo, but kind friends persuaded the man out to take another drink upon it, which effectually settled his oratorical powers for that night.

The leading woman was not in her first youth, and one night when she was playing "The Lady of Lyons," in the most pathetic part, when all was silence, "Liverpool Jack" made inquiries as to her pretty hair, which changed the tragedy to farce, and brought down the house. Scarcely a night passed but something occurred which was not on the programme.

The music was supplied by the military band, and our old friends pocketed five dollars a night each, for music was precious and the musicians held themselves high, the cornetist especially, and he was a fine player.

One of the duties of the regimental band was to play

outside the officers' mess while they dined. No one appreciates the luxury of music like those who live amidst the unbroken stillness of these vast forests, where for days together there is not even a whisper in the pines or a rustle among the giant maples, where even the birds are "seen but not heard." The stillness pierces the very veins and heart, so that if a stick cracks or a squirrel calls it sets you in a quiver. Music breaks this spell of isolation, and when the officers sat and listened to the old familiar airs of "home," it was next door to being there; indeed all the camp was the better for it.

But alas for the frailty of man! The besetting sin of this cornetist was a perpetual thirst, which tea and coffee were powerless to quench. So it frequently happened that he awoke in the log guard-house by the river and was arraigned before his officers. Light sentences were imposed if possible so as not to disturb the musical arrangements, and many a time were the officers' eyes wholly closed to his faults. But all to no purpose; he transgressed to such an extent that his stripes were removed, and he was imprisoned in the guard-house long enough to sober him thoroughly.

The officers sat down to dinner with a sigh of relief, for Mr. Cornetist was to be on hand again, and it must be confessed that music without the air is hardly inspiriting. All went well till a cornet solo came on, when, of all the unearthly sounds the instrument sent forth, nothing had been heard like it! The harder the

man blew, and the more he seemed to try, the more discordant the sounds it emitted.

The officer in charge sent out to know what was the matter. The incorrigible replied he did not know, but it had got out of tune while he was locked up. Days passed and still no improvement. Soon a grand ball was to be given, and they could neither buy a cornet nor obtain the services of another player nearer than Hong Kong in one direction and San Francisco in the other, unless H.M. flagship happened into port, which was very unlikely.

Preparations went on for the ball; the barracks being the only available room in the country for such an affair, it was duly cleaned and decorated by the men. The floor could scarcely be said to be faultless, for it was made from hand-sawn boards, which had been likewise planed by hand, but "When you can't do as you would, do as you can." Everything was in readiness, the ladies from far and near were coming, and curious conjectures were hazarded as to the make-up and behaviour of some of the girls from off the *Robert Low*, who had already married into the official circle.

The cornet-player remained incorrigible, and his instrument behaved in the most fiendish manner. What was to be done? One of the officers remarked that he thought if the man's stripes were returned the instrument might act better. It simply refused to send forth its sweet strains in the hands of an ordinary private.

So they had the man brought before them, repri-

manded him soundly, read him a long lecture on the evil of his ways (all of which fell from him like water off a duck's back), and then ordered the return of his stripes.

All waited expectantly for the mess dinner, and watched the player as he swaggered through the camp, glorious in the restored honours, which his instrument seemed to share, for it looked as good as new. All went well, the cornet couldn't have behaved better. It must have felt relieved too, for the handkerchief which had so materially interfered with its dulcet strains had been removed.

CHAPTER X

EVERY morning the up-river boats whistled their early start, and the miners and "would-be" miners daily thronged their decks. Some of them took along the most incongruous articles in their outfits, such as feather-beds and pillows, picks and shovels with stained and polished handles, and so on.

One lot came ashore with three forty-gallon casks of water. Victoria was then a free port and New Westminster a port of entry.* So here they were met by the Customs' officers, who demanded to know the contents of these casks. When met with the reply, "Water," they laughed, for they supposed these men were trying to smuggle in something stronger. It was duly tested, and proved not only to be water, but the polly-woggy article provided at the time by that name in Victoria. The laugh was great against the Che-chacos (newcomers) who had been so easily imposed upon by a wag

* A dollar per head was paid here for every person arriving, but it was collected by the Steamboat Company as part of the fare, and then handed to the Customs authorities by them, thus saving much friction, for most people paid duty on themselves without knowing it.

as to think it necessary to pay freight on water to the Fraser, where it was to be had for the dipping.

After the motley crowds left each morning the Royal City dreamed away its day till the time for the arrival of the afternoon boats, when all again was bustle and confusion, and every merchant and clerk rushed to the landing to see and comment upon the new arrivals.

As fall came on the ingress became less, and the fortunate ones came down with their lucky bags. Nice use some of them made of their riches, too. They kept the squaw dance-houses going, smashed bar mirrors with handfuls of twenty-dollar pieces, and showed most conclusively in many ways the truth of the old adage, "A fool and his money is soon parted."

The gold mined in the upper country was usually sent out by means of the Express Companies. When in very large quantities the "gold escort" formed from the Royal Engineers took charge of it, and saw it safely through, for several "hold-ups" had occurred, and it was necessary to take precautions for its safe transit.

A royalty or duty was exacted by the Imperial Government on all gold exported. That shipped by the Express Companies had to be accompanied by a certificate or invoice showing the quantity of gold, its value, and the owner's name. On this certificate the gold was passed and duty collected.

About this time a number of Jews came out to the country with the purpose of buying and shipping out gold.

A great deal of grumbling was heard on all sides about

the Government's exacting a duty on the poor miner's hard-earned gold; they forgot the law and order which prevailed, the safety of life and property, and the general protection which was afforded by that Government, and for which it had to pay.

None complained more loudly and bitterly than this firm of Jews every time the duty was exacted.

After a more than usually stormy scene with these men in the office of the Express Company, the President, Vice-President, and Secretary were left alone, and the President remarked, "These Jews make more fuss over this duty business than any one else, notwithstanding they invariably cheat 'the poor miner,' both in weight and value when buying their gold." Then, without any apparent connection with what he had been saying, after thinking for a few minutes he asked, "Well, boys, how would you like to make a fortune?"

"That's an impossibility," returned the others, "in our present position." "But," said the Vice-President, and a far-away look came into his blue eyes, "if I had a fortune I'd be off to my wife and family in the old home, and live at my ease for the remainder of my life."

"If *I* had a fortune—only a small one," said the Secretary, "I'd be off to California so fast it would make your head swim; marry a pretty little girl I know of, and settle down in an orange grove."

"Well, yes, as you say," returned the President, "these are flights of fancy, and under existing circumstances impossible; but I think, if you will listen to

me, and do what I tell you, they may become a reality. All I want you to do is to follow my instructions, and ask no questions." This being agreed, the business of the office went on without interruption.

During the past two months there had been an unusually good "clean up" among all the mines, and the Jews were extra busy going from camp to camp, buying up all they could. From this the President knew there would soon be a large quantity of gold to ship out, so one day he called all the Jews together in his office for a conference. He told them the Company expected to ship large amounts of gold presently and were taking extra precautions for the care of it, and as this would probably be the last output of the season before navigation closed on the Fraser, urged them to buy as largely as possible, for it would be cheaper in proportion to ship out a large than a small quantity. He told them at the same time that he had been thinking over the question of duty, to which they had so much objection, and could suggest a scheme by which they could get their gold through the Customs much cheaper.

"Heretofore you have been making out your Customs' clearance bills at full value; in the future make them out at 40 or 50 per cent. less, and you will have only half the royalty to pay."

These men, eager to make a dollar in any way they could, listened to his suggestion with approval, and when their next shipments were ready the gold was invoiced at 40 per cent. of its face value, and the

Express Company gave them receipts in accordance with their invoices.

After the Express Company had carried this gold six hundred miles by stage, they reached the head of navigation, whence it was transferred nearly a hundred more to where it had to pass the Customs.

Now, after the Jews had deposited their gold in the upper country the President had two large bags made exactly like theirs, and filled them to the same weight. Then calling the Secretary he told him to see that the Express and all the gold bags were aboard the steamer fifteen minutes before she left, and to remain in charge of them till he came aboard.

To the Vice-President he explained the scheme fully, and instructed him to wait till the last minute, and when he saw the steamer about to pull out he was to take the sham bags, rush down to her, and attempt to throw them on board in such a way that they would surely fall into the river.

The Vice-President did as directed, rushed to the river's edge, only to find that the steamer had started, and the plank was already drawn in. Urged on by the President, who was on board, he attempted to throw the bags on to the steamer, when both of them fell splash! into the boiling river.

The President and the Jews, who were also on board, were in consternation. The fears of the latter, however, were quieted by the President, who assured them that every dollar would have to be made good by the Company. When the steamer arrived at the coast the

one weekly paper was full of the great loss of gold and the carelessness of the Express Company. This being one of its favourite themes, the most was made of it that could be; and when one comes to think there was no telegraphic communication with the outside world, and very little of interest passing on the inside that was not public property, one wonders what the editor found to fill up his columns with, especially as all "news" was at least between two and three months old. There was a standing joke that when he ran out of copy he invariably enlarged upon "the state of Europe," which was a perfectly safe theme, seeing no one could contradict him.

Subsequently the Company published an "Extra," stating that they would make the loss good, and that the owners of the gold would all be paid in full.

Owing to the great furor made by the shippers of the gold, a request was sent to the Admiral at Esquimalt for the services of a diver, who after considerable delay arrived, and was taken to the scene of the disaster. A strong cable had been stretched across the river to mark the place where the bags of gold had disappeared.

Diligent search was made for two weeks by the diver and others, but to no purpose; the current being so swift, the bags had either been carried away or torn to pieces over the rocks at the bottom, for just above this landing is a narrow cañon, which confines all the waters of the mighty Fraser between rocks which rise perpendicularly hundreds of feet, and are worn bare and smooth by its action. Standing near the brink it is impossible to hear

a shout at your ear—the thunder of the rushing, tumbling waters is so great.

After everything had been done to recover the bags without success, the Jews called at the Express Office and demanded their money, according to the promise of the President. He told them all to go to the Secretary and present their certificates, which would be duly honoured.

"Oh! yes, my dear Mr. President, but you know that this certificate calls for only 40 per cent. of the amount shipped. Do just please come to the Secretary and explain this matter to him, that we may get the full amount."

But the President was inexorable, and would admit nothing but the face-value of the certificates, and the shippers, having no recourse, had to be satisfied with what their paper called for.

Some time after, when the storm had blown over, there was a meeting of three persons in the President's office, in which gold bags and scales figured very conspicuously, and three equal shares were made up.

The Secretary, who had been doing some figuring, exclaimed, "Well, who would have thought it? Now for my little girl and the orange grove!"

"Talk about flights of fancy!" rejoined the Vice-President. "But there's no imagination about the weight of this parcel. Now for home and family, and Merry Old England! Tell us what you intend doing, Mr. President, when we leave."



"I've made up my mind to Joint-Stock this Company and sell out. Then I shall organise a gold-dredging concern and go and hunt for those bags of gold you so carelessly dropped into the Fraser river, Mr. Vice-President."

CHAPTER XI

Van Buster was still the pet of the single men. Not that he was the only one. They had undertaken to raise a cub in the way he should go, and very proud of the performance they were, for did it not reflect credit upon them, showing how much better they would be able to bring up and train children of their own, than the Benedicts of the Corps had proved themselves? Bruin certainly thrived; he followed his masters within the sacred precincts of the camp, where the foot of an Indian had never trod, that is, since it had become a camp. They had to stay outside the pickets, or in their canoes at its foot, and wait for the women to come down and barter old clothes, extra rations, and so on, for fish, baskets, mats, or curios. Happy was the Indian who possessed a regimental red coat, for he was the envy of his tribe. It is a question even if his life was safe should a stronger than he desire it.

But Bruin fell from grace, and signed his own death warrant. Leaving his usual beat near the barracks, he wandered off to the married men's quarters. A little child was seated on a doorstep with a fat puppy in its chubby arms. Bruin saw them both, and seizing on



CAMP OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS ABOVE NEW WESTMINSTER.

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the puppy, tore it to pieces and commenced eating it up. The child screamed and ran to the rescue of its favourite, but, fortunately for it, the bear had been missed and followed, a bullet in its ear saved it from turning its attention to the child, as it would undoubtedly have done, once having tasted the blood of the puppy.

Van Buster's rival thus disposed of, he was again their only pride. They washed and combed him, and he roamed the camp at his own sweet will, taking vengeance on the small boys for the indignities heaped on him by his masters.

The Commissariat being at the foot of the hill by the river, one at least from every family had to wend his way thither for the daily rations; this of course fell to the small boys as a rule, and Van Buster was always on hand when they returned. He knew when three o'clock in the afternoon came as well as they did. Avoiding the groups, he would single out some lonely urchin, and, suddenly appearing before him on the uphill path, would shake his head and wait to see if any toll was offered him. If not, he butted the child in the stomach, and if he dropped his sack in falling, Van Buster would shake it out, and make off with a loaf of bread to a safe place. Here he would stand and munch it, thus giving the rest an opportunity to get home unmolested.

Billy was still with Mrs. Middleton, and of course it fell to him to fetch their rations and his own. Being but a little fellow among the sturdy camp boys, he was

usually to be found alone. After getting into trouble a time or two, Billy hit on a plan of his own. There was generally a slice or two of bread to make weight. These he took out before climbing the hill, and when Van Buster appeared he would eke out his bread a piece at a time. Thus the two would proceed uphill, Billy walking backwards, the sack over his shoulder, about as much as he could carry, Van Buster following, and making demonstrations of vengeance if the bread showed signs of giving out before the officers' quarters were reached. He seldom went higher than that, for if he ventured too near the married men's quarters he was likely to encounter women with brooms in their hands, tin buckets with or without water in them, and other things he did not approve of. Here Billy would throw his last crust, and run as fast as his load would let him, Van Buster looking belligerently after him, till it seemed to occur to him that there might be other lads coming up with rations from whom he might either beg or steal, and he would return in search of them.

Billy being the only child in the Middleton household, it was one of his duties to go out in the woods and keep the house supplied with fuel. This was rather hard on him, for if the supply threatened to run out, he was sent out without any breakfast, and not allowed any until the good woman had as much as she considered necessary. He would go uphill, select his tree, cut and roll it to the bottom, and from thence, in smaller sections, to Mrs. Middleton's quarters. Many a morning, indeed many a day, was thus used up,

to Billy's great regret, when he should have been at school.

Unfortunately for Middleton he was in the band, which often kept him out late, and when he would come home, if something on the supper-table left ready set for him, did not suit him, he would sweep the table-cloth and all it contained into the open hearth.

After seeing the wonderful white bonnet at the wedding, he desired his wife to get one for herself. She preferred going with nothing on her head in the summer-time, that is, round the camp, and in the winter her favourite head-gear was a woollen hood she had knitted for herself, tied down over her ears. This had been well enough on board ship, but Middleton was earning lots of money with his music, and he did not see why his wife shouldn't "put on style," like the rest.

Willing to please him, she journeyed to "town," as the few shacks along the water front were called, and bought a marvellous creation in which red and pink roses figured conspicuously. Middleton thought this perfection, and was delighted to be seen walking out beside it.

The Theatre Royal, so successfully begun on board the *Thames City*, was continued here with even greater success. People were glad to get any kind of entertainment, especially when accompanied by good music. Thus the Theatrical Company had soon realised sufficient to put themselves up a nice little theatre, in one end of which was a comfortable reading-room,

containing quite a number of books, and all the newest papers from "Home" might be read there at leisure. These were seldom *more* than three months old, and as rarely less.

Middleton had been playing at this theatre one night, and came home "half-seas-over," just enough to make him want somebody to step on his coat-tails and have a good row. Throwing the supper into the fire to-night, and smashing the crockery, although rather an expensive game then, was not sufficient fun; he looked round for something more fetching—this was too old a trick, and elicited no remonstrance from his long-suffering wife.

She had just come in from the performance ahead of him, and hung her magnificent bonnet on the wall. This he espied, made a rush for it, and—oh, glorious! Mrs. Middleton tried to save it. She was, as we said before, a big, powerful woman. A struggle ensued for possession of the brilliant article. Both tugged at it, and, of course, both succeeded in getting a share. When the wife saw it was no good wrestling for it, she sat down to get her breath, and then gave him a piece of her mind.

This entertainment so delighted him that he sought to prolong it. Diving into his pockets he brought out a handful of sovereigns and threw them into the fire after the supper, the crockery, and the fragments of millinery.

But Mrs. Middleton had passed the climax of endurance, and took no notice of the action; so, re-

penting him of the last act, he was fain to grope in the ashes for the recovery of the coin. When he had got through this somewhat undignified proceeding, he saw the teapot, still unbroken, standing under the dog-irons. He searched out a basin from among the *débris* that could be made to hold something, and took a good drink of the overdrawn decoction. This, and the coming of a shivering dawn, made him sober enough to be miserable, and he crept into bed, where his wife was snugly ensconced, oblivious of her troubles. Next morning they took their breakfast from the pots and pans as best they could, pending a visit to town to procure more.

Ugly white ware was shipped out here in those days, but it was expensive. Ordinary plates cost from twenty-five to fifty cents each; plain quart basins, fifty cents; a medium-sized meat dish, two dollars; a soup tureen, when such a luxury was obtainable, cost five dollars if the earthenware ladle had reached the Colony unbroken.

Sunday was quite a gala day in the little town, for then the military, splendid in their red coats, shining boots, and bright buttons, paraded to church, headed by their band, and all the citizens came out to see them, and enjoy the music. Indians by the hundred stood around, mostly wrapped in blankets and without anything on their feet—they far outnumbered the little band of whites.

Up the hill, into the little wooden church marched the soldiers, followed by the rest of the congregation,

for few entered until they had seen the sight of the day. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. John Sheepshanks, the present Bishop of Norwich, who lived in a little log cabin near by.

It was great to watch the young married women and the marriageable girls come mincing in, tossing their heads at every measured step, screwing their mouths into a "prunes and prism" expression, and putting on "French and frills" generally.

Yet one of these latter young creatures, from fourteen to seventeen years of age, would perhaps by another Sunday be wending her way over mountain and prairie on horseback to the home of a well-to-do husband, whose acquaintance had been made within the week, and who had journeyed down with the express purpose of taking back a white wife.

Generally, of course, these men were no strangers to the community, being cattle-men, judges, men holding Government positions, wealthy traders, and so on. Many of these girls never visited the coast again until after the advent of the C. P. R., which made their place of residence easy of access, say only one or two hundred miles on horseback to the nearest station.

Others were the happy mothers of large, healthy families, the very backbone of a new country. Their sons and grandsons bestrode a horse so early that their legs grew with a bend in sympathy with the animal. Some of the latter have proved their mettle in the cause of their beloved country on the veldt and kopjes of South Africa, laying down their sturdy lives if need be,

using their quick and practical wits when emergencies arose. They were the pets of the Gordon Highlanders, who hailed them with delight as "Oure lads!" One of these men, as he lay wounded before Paardeberg, asked a boy of ours if he had been under fire before. Upon receiving a reply in the negative, the canny Scot said with admiration, "A'rm prood o' ye, laddie! prood o' ye!" The Canadian boys were sent into action under the wing, as it were, of these braw Scotchmen, but it was more than the practised veterans could do to hold them in hand. They were unable to comprehend the restraints of the Regulars, and more than once in forage or sortie, when called to account, the Gordons had to admit, "It was the Canadians, Sir!" They could lassoo a calf, or run down a goose, and many was the little sack of provender they divided up among their half-famished comrades. One night all they had after a hard day's run was a tea-tablet the officer in command gave out from his own little store, and he had nothing else himself. Now one of our boys (I could give his name) had a little flour in his saddle-bags, and another had a chicken, I can't say from where. They were big, strong lads, and possessed appetites that corresponded. They made a smothered fire in a way of their own, cooked their chicken and some "joe-patties," as they called little cakes of flour and water, which they wrapped in leaves and baked in the ashes. The action of their commanding officer in sharing his little all with his men touched their hearts; they picked out the two cleanest "joe-patties," cut off

the choicest part of the chicken, and carried it to him. He ate it thankfully, and asked no questions. These are only a very few of the things they tell us now we have them back, or I should say, "some of them back."

I think I must tell one thing more. The son of a farmer went with Baden-Powell's mounted police. His father died unexpectedly, and the mother needed her boy, for he then would have to be the stay of the family, and run the ranch. Application was made for his return, and he was to come home with a wounded comrade. In the meantime a fight ensued; the men followed hot on the trail of the flying Boers. A Boer man and a boy hid in some brush, and Timlick saw his opportunity to make a capture. He and two others followed them in, when both held up their hands. Timlick, afraid the two others might shoot without noticing this, turned his head and shouted, "For God's sake, boys, don't shoot, they've got their hands up!" As he turned to say this, the younger Boer shot our lad through the lungs. Every rifle was levelled on the two, for others had ridden up, and the officer in charge was only just in time to dash them up and save the lives of the cowards who killed the generous young fellow after he had spared them. Tenderly they carried him to camp, but though he lingered a few days his case was hopeless, and he knew it. The time arrived that his comrade, George McArthur, should leave for home. He was forbidden an interview, the doctor was so anxious to give the lad every chance. But Timlick wanted to send a special message to his

mother, so McArthur crept under the back of the hospital tent, and took it. The very day he arrived here, he set out again for the ranch to deliver it. What it was he told to none but that sorrowing mother.

Lords of the forest and stream, hunting in the mountains, navigating on lakes where the sudden storm arises and nothing but a frail canoe stands between them and eternity, shooting the rapids, rounding up herds of cattle, breaking in refractory horses, dealing with the Indians, in such places are they born, among such scenes cradled! What do they know of Discipline?

But all were not so happy in these hasty marriages. Sometimes they found an Indian or half-bred "wife" ahead of them when they arrived in their new home, with a large family of children calling the bridegroom "father." The deposed and wronged woman would then generally return to her tribe. Sometimes she remained on the same ranch, and helped the white wife and her children. In the case of which I now speak, the white man was a very finely set-up specimen of manhood. His hair was fair and curly, his eyes blue, a blonde moustache hung heavy on his lip. He had taken to himself a half-breed "wife"—at least she so considered herself—and there were some children toddling round, so fair it was hard to tell if there was any Indian in them. He came down on business, and fell in with a young woman who behaved very graciously to him. This was all that was necessary as a rule, for an offer would follow. She was aware of his "entanglement," but resolved to "have him."

They were married, and by easy stages journeyed home, for the bride had always looked upon herself as "delicate." When the half-breed and her family were relegated to her Indian mother's hut, she said nothing, but professed friendship for her rival. She made herself so indispensable to the "delicate" white woman that she was freely admitted at all times and seasons. How her heart burned with jealousy her former lord never knew, for she still possessed herself in silence. Only the Indian mother was in her secret. The man had expected a scene, and was well pleased to find Marie "so sensible." She never sought to speak with him alone, but gave all her attention to the ailing, complaining wife, for whom he was beginning to feel less regard.

The white woman's great remedy for all the ills of life, and without which "she couldn't live" was Seidlitz Powders. She always had a tin box of them on her dressing-table.

Being the only white woman for many miles around, other men came to call on her, and amongst them the half-breed girl noticed one who paid assiduous and secret court. Her own heart told her he was preferred; but her closest surveillance could detect no wrong. She and her mother had a plan, but they waited awhile. Perhaps the white woman would go with the other man after all, and things would right themselves. They watched their hated rival, and found that no transgression was likely to relieve them of her presence. They returned to their former idea.

The Indians in those days knew the different properties of herbs, roots, and berries. From one of these the Indian mother made a white powder, which looked exactly like that in the larger Seidlitz paper. This they placed in one of the papers, and watched daily to see when their victim would choose this one.

Several days passed, they saw her drink her Seidlitz, make a face and shudder after it, but the fatal draught yet remained untouched.

One morning the husband awoke with a severe headache—something new to his experience—and his wife prescribed her favourite remedy. Instead of ridiculing the idea, as Marie and her mother had always heard him do, he consented. She got up and mixed it for him, and he drained the cooling draught. But alas! this time it was the poisoned package she had all unwittingly prepared. No doctor could be procured nearer than the coast. Marie and her mother applied what remedies they could, but their potion had worked only too well, and in less than an hour he died in fearful agony, protesting that he had been poisoned, and that his wife had done it.

Marie waited to see if the widow would marry the man who had paid her so much attention. She evidently thought she would—such things happened in those days; but he experienced such a revulsion of feeling towards her that he never willingly went near her again. He had been told, of course, that her unfortunate husband had accused her of poisoning him, and the vanity of the man told him that she had done it so as

to be able to marry him; that, though she had paused at the seventh commandment, she had not hesitated at the sixth. Others only looked upon it as the raving of a man delirious with pain. Being a young and well-to-do widow she soon married again.

The discarded Marie, what did she do? She had held the head of the man she loved through his last agonies, and showed no sign; but with some of his fair hair in her bosom, she returned to her tribe, accompanied by her children and her mother, for by the tribal laws of the Indians a woman's children belong to the tribe from which she came, and in case of the death or desertion of her husband, the tribe are responsible for their upbringing. Here she married the young chief. Can any one wonder that under Marie's tuition her children grew up to hate the white man, and still more the white woman, or that more than one of them expiated their crimes upon the scaffold? Whose fault was it?

CHAPTER XII

If a young man asked a girl to go to a ball with him it was tantamount to a proposal. One of our merchants in town had a very pretty daughter, and many were the suitors she had. According to her own account it was "Patriarch" This; "Van Winkle" That, and the "Wandering Jew" the other. She was hard to please, she thought.

The younger men, who had little but themselves to offer, were not the favourites with these young girls, who looked upon the mature age of eighteen as "Old-maidism."

A dapper little man from up-country, had established for himself a trading post, built a log house, cultivated a piece of garden, and amongst other things found he was making money. Turning his back upon the tempting bulk of some half-breed girls, his neighbours—at least they were only forty miles away, and occasionally came to his place "shopping"—he came to the coast with the avowed purpose of taking a wife back with him.

He saw the merchant's daughter when he was in

buying goods, and he made up his mind the pretty fair-haired Marguerite would just suit him. He paid assiduous court to her, and was to be found by her side morning, noon, and night. The grumpy old father looked on disapprovingly. He knew nothing of this young man, he said, and Marguerite could find some one better off and nearer at hand; he didn't approve of this going miles and miles away, nobody knew where. Trading posts were uncertain things; if travel turned in another direction, where would his trading post be? and so on.

But Marguerite still smiled upon his suit. She even promised to accompany him to a ball in the barracks, and he had bought an engagement ring, giving a big price for a poor article. With this in his vest pocket he called for Marguerite, who thought he looked more than grand in a black velvet English smoking-jacket. He felt equal to anything, and nothing less than the best.

The girl's mother was away, and the father refused point-blank to let her go, threatening to lock her up if she so much as attempted to dress. He knew very well she would never go among the other girls unless she had on her best "togs."

Mr. Wills came several times that evening to see if her father would not change his mind. When asked for the last time, the old man replied, "I'll take all your orders, young man, and make all I can out of you, but Marguerite stays home."

Marguerite cried a little; she had expected to figure

as a prospective bride that night, for she and others knew about the ring. But she soon dried her eyes and went to bed, thinking that perhaps after all she might do better, as her father had said.

Wills went to the ball alone, and a whisper went round that he had been disappointed. He stood in the group of men near the door, who always attended these affairs, but never joined in the throng. He was looking round for a likely wife. A dark, quiet girl of about seventeen seemed not to attract very much attention, so he went and asked her to dance. She knew who he was and why he had come to town, had watched his courtship of Marguerite as the rest had done, and felt surprised to see him there without her. He danced with her several times, she showed pleasure at his marked attention. Then he proposed, and was there and then accepted. He got out his ring, the girl held up her finger, refusing to take off her glove, as she had no intention of hiding the fact that she, the somewhat neglected one, was the prospective bride of the evening. The ring shone outside the glove, and all the girls knew she was the favoured one, and would be married before the week was out. She made him a good wife too, being somewhat masterful, which fitted in well with his more easy-going nature.

The mining now began to attract fewer people into the country. Many of course had settled in the colony for good, but there was less going and coming. There were amongst the white citizens a few grumblers and agitators. These raised the question of doing away

with the military, as part of the expense had to be borne by the Colony.

These men had engineered roads and bridges over mountain passes, across cañons, round the precipitous sides of mountains, building out the road in more than one place where the traveller looked down into the depths, hundreds of feet below, straight from the seat of a stage coach, to the churning waters of Father Fraser as he thundered his way through chasms too narrow for his easy transit, and too full of immense boulders to let him pass in peace.

Each summer had seen them going up the river in their own batteaux, for construction, survey, safety of the miner and his gold, of the hardy settler and his family. They had found the Indians, though numerous, so far harmless, for they understood the justice with which they were treated by the Government. It was only in individual cases and for personal wrongs that they had secretly or otherwise taken the law into their own hands. Even now the humanising influence of the Roman Catholic Church had begun to exert its sway among them, and priests were found living with some of the tribes, teaching them many things, both spiritual and temporal.

There might be some seven hundred of a population in the Royal City, if you included a few Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, and a floating population of Indians who came and went as the spirit moved them.

The Royal Engineers and their families now num-

bered nearly four hundred all told, and the revenue these brought to the infant community never entered into the calculations of the disaffected ones.

The Royal Engineers were disbanded; they were allowed the choice of going home and finishing their term, or they could remain and receive 160 acres of land free and unencumbered, wherever they chose to select it, with an honourable discharge.

To a very few this option was denied; these were the incorrigibles, and they were sent home to be dealt with according to Army regulations.

Most of the married men remained; many of them had wealthy sons-in-law by this time and grandchildren born in the colony, although they were still in their prime themselves. The camp indeed had added bravely to its numbers.

A farewell dinner was given to the officers by the civil officials, toasts were drunk, and songs sung. The stern Chief Justice, the terror of thousands, had mellowed with his dinner, and when called upon for a toast insisted upon singing a song instead. They all tried to dissuade him from this, as he only knew one song, which had neither beginning nor end, and kept to no particular key nor tune. However, sing he did, and kept it up for an hour, but no one paid any attention.

One of the officers of the Volunteers, a very hot-tempered man, had his glass filled with the rest for a toast, when a wag near him dropped a goodly dose of salt into it. He had taken quite a drink before he

noticed this, when he roared to the waiter to change his glass. The same thing happened again, and then he started to thrash the coloured waiter, who protested his innocence, and again changed the glass. The third dose of salt was more than he could stand. Drawing his sword he began whirling it around his head, threatening to annihilate the "whole gang." Then there was a scatteration; those who could not dodge under the table climbed over it. The Judge tried to get to his feet and deliver sentence on the evildoers. In the midst of the hubbub some one turned out the lights, and when they had perforce to remain quiet till these were again lighted, they had forgotten the fracas. Those who could said "Goodbye," those who could not remained where they were till taken charge of by their friends.

At the camp a large party had been given at the barracks by those who remained to those who were returning home, at which all the women and children were present. They danced and sang to their hearts' content; sent messages and presents home, not forgetting "Old Huthlicaut" and his wife of the Falkland Island, nor the "Ancient Mariner" of Stanley Harbour.

A Scotchwoman sung "Will he no come back again?" and many an eye was wet.

They were to be up betimes in the morning, for they had their bag and baggage to carry on their heads and backs to Port Moody over the Indian trail, where a sailing-vessel awaited them. As the little band filed



away in the early dawn they left many a sore heart behind them. But few have regretted their stay, and if they have it has been their own fault, not that of the country.

CHAPTER XIII

With so large a floating population passing through, naturally some remained as permanent citizens. One man, who called himself Merton, was found resident in an abandoned shack near the water. Whether he had come from up or down the river, as a miner or a tourist, he never said, being particularly reticent regarding himself. His speech was that of a gentleman, though his clothes, at this time, were those of a tramp.

He worked and patched round the dilapidated shack, and raised a little verandah in front from driftwood; he even set up a fence—not as a mechanic would have done it, but it seemed to suit him, and he had the using of it.

He fished for his own use, picked up for fuel the logs which were washed ashore, and in so much resembled the Indians, his immediate neighbours. He was tall of stature, finely built, rather dark, and decidedly handsome. Yet, if you looked right into his eyes, perhaps there was something lacking. You did not feel sure about it though, because when you addressed him upon any general topic he seemed very well informed, and his manner forbade familiarity.

Could you have seen inside his shack you would have

known him for a Briton, and one accustomed to buy, not make, what he needed. One contrivance, though, was unique. He had taken a round block of wood for a seat, but finding it somewhat tiresome to remain in an upright position all the time, had conceived the brilliant idea of taking an old shovel he had picked up, nailing the handle on to the back of his sitting block, with the concave side forward, so that it just caught below his shoulders, and formed a comfortable support. A larger block did duty as table. A bunk had already been nailed up against the wall, or most likely he would just have slept on the earthen floor of the cabin. He made a little fire outside to cook his fish; and this, with a little bread he bought in town, appeared to be all his diet. Thus for two months he lived his solitary existence.

Then he paid daily visits to the post-office, a little wooden building on the upper or hill side of the second street, which had begun to appear, just back of that on the water front. The hill rises so abruptly here that to reach it the seeker of "Mail" must have had some fifty wooden steps to climb. To the postmaster he whispered another name, and after several days an official-looking letter was handed out to him.

Next morning he went on the steamer to Victoria, and was gone perhaps two weeks. He returned in a nicely fitting tailor-made suit, top hat, overcoat, patent-leather shoes, kid gloves, and good linen. These he laid aside, and resumed his former way of living when he assumed his old clothing.

Things seldom remain a mystery long in a small community. It leaked out that he had been met at the principal hotel in Victoria, "living like a lord," spending money on all the toadies who gathered round him as though there was no end to his resources.

Before quite exhausting these, however, he seemed to have called a halt, ordered his bill, paid, tipped the waiter liberally, and asked for a carriage to be in waiting for him in time for the New Westminster boat in the morning. So the "cat was out of the bag," and he was one of our first remittance men.

He provided himself with a little sheet-iron cookstove, such as miners use, and some blankets, so he was comparatively comfortable this time. He also bought other articles besides bread, such as meat, tea and sugar, coffee and candles. But he allowed no intimacy, and no one penetrated the sacred precincts of his dwelling.

The Indians camped near, but they never molested him. When he would sit by the hour smoking and watching them dress skins, they accepted his tobacco and respected his silence.

No one so far had discovered his weak point, and the wags watching him of course wanted to break through the barrier of his reserve, and see if there was not some fun to be had.

Three months later another official document was handed to him, and again he repaired to Victoria. This time he returned evidently out of money. He had been "cleaned out" in the hands of some sharks.

People feared that he would starve, and in a community which knew not what *want* meant this would have been a double disgrace. He bought nothing in town, "fish straight" being his only food. Some of those interested in him persuaded an elderly minister to go and see him. Rather dubious of what his reception might be, he went, and found himself received as if he were making a call in Hyde Park. This somewhat disconcerted the old man, and he managed to invite Mr. Merton to become a member of his choir.

Then the floodgates were opened. He hummed snatches from "Faust," "Fra Diavolo," "Elijah," of which the good minister knew nothing. Promptly on time he repaired to the church for practice, was formally introduced to the choir, and then going up he leaned gracefully on the front of the organ (harmonium) and requested the young lady who presided there to play this, that, and the other, taxing her somewhat limited ability and the patience of the waiting choir, who, like the instrumentalists of the *City*, held themselves high. He had, however, demonstrated that he possessed a fine voice, and knew a great deal more about music than they did, for they needed to sing a tune or a part over a number of times so as to "catch it," whilst he held a Hymnal before him and sang whatever took his fancy, at sight. Anyway, his weak point had been discovered, and formed the topic of discussion and speculation for the next few days.

A merchant with whom he had dealt met him out walking next day, and suggested that he would be

pleased to give the gentleman credit until his remittance arrived, if it would be any convenience to him. He considered for a while, then he thanked the man, and signified his intention of favouring him with an order.

The Rifle Volunteers, reinforced by any of the Royal Engineers who remained near enough to join, had agitated until they got a Drill Shed built. A room forty by sixty was then considered a magnificent affair, although the floor was somewhat rough, and the inside unlined, being literally a shed. It covered all the lot appropriated to it by Government. But they must add a stage or have no place of amusement. So subscriptions were raised, a portion of the adjoining lot leased, and a lean-to built along the end of the Drill Shed, with a little low room in the eaves on either side for dressing-rooms. Here they had a theatre and place of general amusement, for the one at the camp had been destroyed by fire, and the citizens were hungry for another.

About this time a musical nigger came to town, and started to organise a minstrel show. A committee waited upon Mr. Merton and invited him to join. He demurred at being blackened up to sing minstrel songs, but he would contribute something from one of the operas if they liked. With this they had to be satisfied.

All the old camp hands that could be scared up * were in it. In town, at this time, was a descendant of Charles II. and Lady Castlemaine, whose musical abilities had not yet been tested. This young man

* Looked up.

prided himself upon his remarkable likeness to his royal ancestor, which was scarcely flattering to his royal progenitor, as a maidservant had dropped him out of an upper window in his infancy, thereby causing one shoulder to be higher than the other, while a mishap to one leg had left the knee stiff; and whether he was born with a fixed stare in one eye, while the other roamed hither and thither at its own sweet will, or whether that was also caused by some untoward disaster, we never heard.

His musical education had certainly not been neglected, for his governess had tried her best to teach him, supplemented by the efforts of his grandmother, who had had him tied to a post several times and whipped, to see if the musical sounds then emitted might be retained for everyday use and common occasions.

The Drill Shed had been made with two large doors upon the street end, for upon the disbanding of the Royal Engineers their two large cannon had been presented to the city, and of course these, on their gun-carriages, had to be trundled out on all great occasions to be paraded in company with the hand fire-engine and the hose-cart, backed up by the dignity of a ladder long enough to reach the top brick of any chimney in town, except the new two-story Colonial Hotel on Columbia Street. With a long rope to each of these, shouldered by fifty or sixty willing male inhabitants, and pushed behind by as many more as could put a hand on anywhere, they made an imposing show.

This interesting ceremony was performed when General Sherman came over the mountains by the Hope trail. The cannon belched powder in great shape, even throwing a ball or two over the river to do him honour. This so impressed an Indian chief, also from the other side, that he went to the Volunteers and made overtures of purchase. They assured him the General was the man to go to. So the Chief, in dead earnest, applied to him. Of course the General took in the joke, and proceeded to turn it upon the enterprising Indian.

Looking him over, the General remarked, "If I sell you these cannon, you will kill my soldiers with them."

"Ha - - lo! Mammook, mamalush soldier couper stick. Big guns, mamalush cowboy."

The Chief put a long accent on the first syllable. These people give expression by emphasis, as we should by using adjectives. For instance, you might wish to ask an Indian if he had come from far or near. He would use the same word for either, only with a different emphasis. You would say "Si - yah, mica illehee?" (Where is your home?) If it was quite near he would say carelessly and quickly, "Oh! Si - yah." (Oh! quite near.) If it was, say, hundreds of miles up the coast, he would wave his hands and nod his head, saying, "Si - - - - - yah." (Very far off.)

So with the ambitious Chief, who would be the owner of big guns. The literal translation of what he said would be, "I can kill soldiers with a club, the big guns are to kill cowboys," but the emphasis used made it, "Oh! soldiers, they are easy to kill, a club is good

enough for that. But the cowboys, I can't get near enough to kill. I need big guns for them."

The night of the show arrived, and, as was expected, the Drill Shed was packed to the doors. To make the place feel like a truly the*ay*ter the promoters had even raised a kind of gallery for the young men by the two big doors, which were, as we said, only opened on State occasions, a small one having been made for general use, as also for the sake of warmth. For the Drill Shed was seldom too warm, even when several iron box stoves were kept well supplied with wood, for not only was it unlined, but unceiled. Thus every precaution must be taken to make it comfortable for the ladies, or they would stay away, then where would be the glory of the performance? The impromptu gallery was crowded. The singers came with more or less acceptance. Merton was encored, and was ready with something fresh every time. The pianist tried to "put in" an accompaniment each time. Merton's eyes were closed, but his face expressed agony. At last he opened his eyes abruptly, and politely requested that the accompaniment might be omitted. This utterly delighted the audience, who seemed determined to see how long he could be kept going without repeating himself. But they got tired of hearing him, for one thing, and of laughing for another, with no sign of fatigue on his part.

They had another celebrity to hear. His repertoire was somewhat scanty, for all he had been able to master, and that in his own way entirely, was "Ella Rhie."

So delighted were the audience with the efforts of royalty's descendant, that they clapped him out over and over again. At each appearance he began at the first word and went religiously through, the only thing being that, regardless of accompaniment or key, he started a note or two higher at every fresh effort. They wanted to see how long he could keep this up. When he had got so high that his voice broke in a squeal, the climax was received with laughter and the stamping of many feet, and the representative of royalty and the Castlemaines then bowed himself off, a complete success in musical circles, much to his own surprise.

This gave some of the others a chance to exhibit their powers, so the nigger came on. No need of burnt cork had he or of a woolly wig. He sang "Keep in de middle ob de road." The young men in the "gallery" braced their shoulders against the big doors, put their hands deep in their pants' pockets, stretched out their legs, and prepared to hear the nig.

But this was a night for fun, such as had not been theirs since the destruction of the Camp Theatre Royal. The big doors opened outward, and were held in place by an iron bar. Some one crept under the "gallery," pulled down the bolt, so as to let the youths slide out into the street, just as the nigger was lustily shouting "Keep in de middle ob de road." This broke up the meeting, but all went home satisfied that they had had more than their money's worth of fun.

Whenever Merton appeared to sing in public after

this, he was always received with rounds of applause, which he always received as compliments. He sang at a bachelor-gathering once, and, as usual, closed his eyes tight till he reached the last note. After Merton was well started the leader of mischief rose, put his finger on his lip, and tip-toed out. The rest took the hint and followed. Going to the curtainless windows they peeped in to see what the result would be when he got through. Hearing no applause as he gave the final note, he opened his eyes and looked round upon the empty benches. He shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. He was in the Drill Shed sure enough, and the lamps were burning, but the seats were empty. He took out his watch, looked at it, listened to be sure it was going, shook it. His watch must be wrong, and he had sung everybody out. He lingered for awhile hoping some one would put in an appearance. This they had no intention of doing. So muttering something about "bad form"—whether applied to himself or his vanished auditors was doubtful—he took his hat and went home, and the young men had the grace to let him go without discovering their trick.

He seemed to find out that although there was no bank here, he could get his quarterly allowance by express. It was no mean amount either. So the next quarter found him wearing good clothes and keeping his rendezvous at the hotel under the care of the sporty Frenchman.

All the dandies in the vicinity gathered round him,

not excepting the scion of a lordly house who lived upon a ranch and called himself the husband of a stout one-eyed klootchman (squaw) and the father of a numerous half-breed progeny, who would have fared but ill for the necessaries of life in the shape of salmon and potatoes, had she not fished for the one and planted the other. It is told of them that once when *his* allowance arrived, the Indian wife had complained that she had no clothes for herself or the children, and some must be bought this time before the general "gin-up" of the pair commenced, as it invariably did upon the appearance of the money. Words ran high. Then the hopeful scion fetched the squaw's clothes and threw them on the burning hearth. She in retaliation burned his, so the gin had to give place to clothing for once. Yet this man, had he filled the position in life for which he had been educated, might have been a bishop in the Anglican Church. There was sufficient influence behind him for it, but for a *failing*, a *weakness*, a *besetting sin*, a *disease*, a *mania*—call it what you will, its one name is *destruction*.

Merton entertained royally until the bill reached a certain amount. Then he paid, asking for no items, and retired to his cabin till the next amount should arrive.

He never recognised the guests of his affluence when once he had retired to his cabin; but he patronised the merchant who had offered him credit in his time of distress, and was careful to pay him before he entered upon his brief spell of hospitality.

Six months went by and no remittance came. Then the postmaster handed him out another legal-looking document, He paid his debts, retired to his cabin, lived on almost nothing, and refused to go and sing, even in the choir, although assured that there was no tenor to take his place. This was perfectly true, but it failed to have any effect on him.

He was noticed going to the slaughter-house and getting the heads, tails, feet, and so on, which in those days were thrown away, not being considered worth the trouble of cleaning for use, except by the Indians.

He cleaned tripe, took it to the merchant who had befriended him, and left it there for sale. In this way, and by dressing skins as he had seen the Indians do, he made sufficient to buy a little flour, tea, and sugar.

The Indians now gave him a name of their own, which literally translated means "Chief of the Dunghill."

For several years he existed in this way, then more legal documents arrived, and without a word he left for Victoria.

He returned for a brief spell, put up at the "Colonial," but failed to recognise those who would have gathered round him.

He paid the merchant many times more than he owed, and when the good man remonstrated, mentioned a sum of money as being his which made the man's hair stand on end.

He went to one of the resident Royal Engineers, and proposed to him for the hand of his daughter,

promising " settlements " which few could have resisted. But the girl refused. Would she marry the " Chief of the Dunghill "? Not much! To do her justice, she had not the most remote idea of what such wealth as his could make her mistress of.

He and his money did not wait long for some one to appropriate them. A pretty actress in Victoria was soon Mrs. Merton, or whatever the legal name may have been, and they were heard of in our belated papers as cutting a wide swathe in New York and 'Frisco, but as far as we knew they never crossed over to Europe.

CHAPTER XIV

When the Royal Engineers were disbanded the Middletons were among those who returned to the Old Country, so Billy lost his protector. Had certain letters and papers lying in an old trunk of his mother's only been brought to light, Billy's early struggles would have ended, and a happy return to a pleasant home and loving friends would have been his. But his step-father jealously guarded them, the only wonder being that he did not destroy them. Possibly he had some idea of making a demand upon the child's relatives, should anything happen to him. Anyway there the letter lay addressed to Mrs. Hilyard. It begged her, if the child of George was living, to send him to the writer, who signed himself "Jon. Hilyard." It also offered her a home until she wished to make other arrangements. She had had the letter read to her, and could repeat every word. But it had arrived too late; for she had already played out another little romance of her own since her second widowhood. George Hilyard had a friend among the privates, a man of education and refinement. Together they read Virgil, Rousseau, George Sand, and others, in the original. They

studied Shakespeare, and solaced themselves with the *Spectator*.

Womanlike, she had taken the constant visits of her husband's friend to herself, for the end had been written on poor Hilyard's face for many months.

Through her knowledge of Army ways, and the favour she stood in with the Colonel's daughters, she managed to obtain every palliation possible for her husband in his weakened condition. If climate could have saved him, what more salubrious than the shores of Corfu? But the very sea-air seemed too much for him; and the rosy youth who had taken his morning plunge in cold, fresh water now shrank from contact with the warm waters of the Mediterranean. At twenty-four he passed away.

The friend saw to all the arrangements as far as he could, and visited the little bereaved family as often as decorum would allow, till he discovered with something like a shock that he was expected to take his friend's place, and this within a few months of his death.

Being ordered to the island of Zante, he there took a pretty, child-like Italian girl to wife. This so incensed the widow, that in a fit of pique she entered unwisely upon her third matrimonial venture, which resulted as we have seen.

It had been she who had persuaded her third husband to volunteer for a foreign station, after their return from Corfu upon the demolition of the Grecian forts. There was generally better pay and a superior social standing to be had, and she feared that some of Hilyard's

relations might claim the boy, to whom she was devoted.

But Billings, when the discomforts of the voyage, or the excess of drink made him surly, always visited his displeasure upon Billy, if he could find him, upon her if the child kept out of his way.

When she knew she must die, she had said something to Mrs. Middleton about some papers and sending the boy to his own people; but the Yorkshirewoman was not quick at taking an idea, and the allusion and entreaty passed out of her mind.

Although the man said nothing about the papers, he accepted the guardianship of Billy. He was a good carpenter, and soon obtained all the work he could do at four dollars per day.

But it was only a case of "more work, more gin," for the man went to the little hut every night in a state of intoxication. Right thankful was poor Billy when he had reached such a stage that he would fall upon his bed in a stupor. Billy would then cover him up, and go to sleep himself with a good prospect of remaining at peace till morning, when a kick or a cuff would start him up at dawn with an order for tea.

Lucky for Billy if the fire burned briskly and the tea was on hand in time to suit the bully. Breakfast was the only meal he took in the shack, and little he needed after his night's carousal.

On his quarrelsome nights the child had a hard time of it, and many a morning he awoke bruised and sore from the beating he had received overnight.

There was only one advantage in this life to Billy's way of thinking; and that was, he could go to school every day and study all the time he had to spare from his few household duties.

As Billings ate his two principal meals at an hotel, he was filled with plenty, and it seldom occurred to him to inquire if there was anything in the house for Billy. The boy would earn a little here and there doing odd things; but he was anxious to learn, for he realised how much easier it would be for him to earn a living if he could read and write and do a little "figuring," as he called it, than with his small strength in hard work. He could buy three whole salmon for a quarter then, or the Indians would give him a young sturgeon. These he salted, and many a time a piece of this fish, sometimes with a crust left from Billings' breakfast, sometimes without, formed his only meal during the day. But he fastened it up into a neat package so that the other children should see he had a lunch as well as they, though he managed to go off alone to eat it.

One night he was sitting near the stove, and by the light from its open door trying to get the "tables" into his head. Every now and then he would look anxiously around to see that all the orders of his step-father had been carried out. The floor was clean, plenty of wood inside, kindling for morning, a good fire, the kettle on for hot grog. He was wondering in what condition Billings would come home.

Presently he started and looked towards the small

bunk he had nailed for himself. Surely from it came the sound of someone sobbing bitterly. He had heard his mother cry like that. He got up mechanically to go and see, when he distinctly heard the word "Willoughby!" spoken in his mother's voice. None but she had called him that.

He stood rooted to the spot, clutching his precious slate and books in his arms. The uncertain step of Billings was heard on the two-plank side-walk leading to the shack. Still he stared at the corner where his bunk was fixed. Suddenly he saw a light there, gradually growing brighter. He wanted to wait and see if his mother would appear to him, although he felt a strong impression that he ought to run from the place.

But the same voice cried beseechingly, "Willoughby!" and a force not his own made him rush from the one entrance to the hut as Billings lifted the wooden latch to enter.

That his sudden exit had upset the unsteady man, he never knew, nor that Billings went shouting round threatening to kill him, if only he could get his hands on him.

With the impelling force to run came also the thought of a woman still living in her old camp quarters. Some of them laughed at her. She was too simple—or shall we say honest?—to assume a position she knew nothing of. She had taken insult without resentment, had avoided quarrelling with her neighbours by never repeating what she heard. By staying at home and minding her children and her own affairs she had made

the little home happy for her soldier-man, who, like his wife, was neither musician nor actor. Surely they were both "simple." She had found time to do some sewing and mending for the motherless lad, and she had said, when she saw him going sadly off with his little bundle on his back to live with Billings, "If he gets too bad to ye, come an' stay wi' us. I'll put ye down in some corner."

These words flashed across him as he ran, and, if he had only known it, ran for his life. To her he turned his steps, following the shorter way by the river, and through the Indian encampments.

The dawn of a spring morning was breaking. A party of Indians in big northern canoes were setting out. A young buck was just pushing out the third canoe before taking his own place. A squaw spoke a word or two to him. He turned, caught the flying white boy, set him in the canoe by the squaw, jumped in and they were off.

Billy was too worn to care much where he went. He was too much used to the Indians to feel any fear of them, so he asked in Chinook—

"Car mica clattawa?" (Where are you going?)

"Clattawa nica illehee!" she replied. (I am going home.) On looking at the squaw he remembered she had tried to entice him to go with her before, by offering him some sticks of red and white peppermint candy. So he settled himself in the bottom of the canoe, and was soon sound asleep. The klootchman grunted her approval of his good sense, and covered him



HAI-DAH.

With Under-lip Ornament of Ivory.

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with her blanket. He felt secure from Billings anyway, and his sleep lasted till the canoe grated on a shingly beach miles up the coast. For these Northern Indians appeared to be intent on securing oolachans, salmon, clams, spawn, and berries for winter use.

CHAPTER XV

When Billings awoke from his drunken sleep, he shouted as usual for his tea; but no little frightened boy leaped from the bunk in the corner, and he went savagely over to drag him out by the hair.

Finding no one there, and that the bed had not been used, the proceedings of the night before began to dawn upon his dulled brain. Whether he had hurt the boy or not, he was unable to remember. He certainly thought he must have done, or surely the child would have been in his bed. What had he done?

He walked around the shack and called. Then some idea of having gone home with a sharp knife in his hand occurred to him, and of his intention then having been to kill the boy: for, once on the inside with the door locked, there would have been no escape, as the one small window was set in the wall and nailed.

He remembered falling, too, and supposed there must have been a struggle. There lay the knife, and surely it had blood upon it. He shuddered, it was only when he was drunk, or suffering from the effects of drink, that he was so cruel. Yet most likely this shudder was for

himself, for he had seen what Begbie justice meant, and he knew his own neck would answer for it should it be found that he had murdered his stepson. There were even those of his own ilk who had heard him threaten to do so. If they could make money easily by "giving him away," he knew how quickly they would do it.

The whistles of the up-river boats were blowing. Hastily throwing some clothes into the trunk of his late wife, he took what money he had, locked up the shack, which was no one's property in particular, and was soon steaming up river to the "diggings."

This trunk was a curious affair which had been made in the Bermudas, and which had gone with Mrs. Billings pretty well the world over. He had taken her few papers, amongst them those relating to Billy, laid them in this trunk, and covered it again with a second bottom; they could scarcely have been better hidden.

The embryo city wagged along in its "Sleepy-Hollow" way. It had settled down to the fact that with the Royal Engineers had gone much of its support, as the Home Government had disbursed large sums of money through them.

Now they had a Governor of their own who occupied the house which had been built for Colonel Moody. Here gay scenes were enacted. All the merchants and hotel- or saloon-keepers' wives who aspired to be in the Government House set had to be provided with a private dwelling away from the place of business.

What heart-burnings there were because Mrs. Butcher had a better house, or put on more "French and frills"

than Mrs. Baker. Perhaps Mrs. Saloon-keeper could afford to keep a better table than Mrs. Candlestick-maker, and used wine at her entertainments; whereas Mrs. General-store had to do her own work, whilst one and all eschewed the responsibility of writing notes of invitation, and sent around messages instead. Mrs. Seymour must also have noticed that the majority of her acceptances, &c., were in men's handwriting, signed by a woman's name.

Some women are quick to imitate; until some of these opened their lips, you would almost have taken them for ladies; whilst others could never be shaken out of their original rut. They were what they had been, and lived at the back of husbands' places of business, letting the world jog along as it would; they had comfort and plenty, and they asked no more.

Columbia Street, with its width of ninety-nine feet, and its one-story shacks on either side, looked like the temporary towns that spring up before a great race comes off, only much smaller. Its length, including vacant lots, only extended over some three or four blocks of sixty-six feet frontage. Like Front Street, every one built his side-walk to suit the height of his own floor. So you went up and down, down and up, several steps here, or one deep step there, which made it difficult to walk.

Each merchant unpacked his goods in front of his store, leaving the packing-cases, crates, and straw scattered over the street before his own special holding, and very proud was he if the pile was large, for then his

friends and foes could see for themselves how great was his business, and what large quantities of goods he had to import.

Hours were easy, business came as it pleased, for there was only a limited amount to be done; old hands laughed when new men came in and began fussily to advertise and push themselves, for they knew that the stock of Mr. Pusher would soon be all on his books, and as no one ever thought of calling for their bills except in two or three years, the poor man would be "bust" and gone long before it was necessary to think of paying him.

One merchant on Columbia Street went by the name of Captain Blowhard. He was a man of immense stature and great strength, but from some injury to his arms he had given up going to sea.

This man possessed the luxury of a white housekeeper —a most unusual treasure in those days. Sally was not a very prepossessing personage. She was of medium height, rather fair, had lost most of her front teeth, hated persons of her own sex, spoke cockney English, and had come to the country in some capacity on board a sailing vessel.

She would settle down to housekeeping, get everything spick and span, keep the Captain within bounds, and all would be going lovely, when bang! went law, order, and decency to the four winds, everything was forgotten, for the charming Sally was having one of her periodical "spells." If her bottle ran dry, and the Captain refused to fetch another, she would arise in

her wrath, her nightgown, and her flannel petticoat, walk out into the street and get it for herself.

But Sally had two admirers, and these men strove for the honour of her hand, her heart, and her housekeeping.

Old "Doc" was tall and gaunt, with a quick blue eye and a plausible tongue, withal a man of fair education. He first set up to doctor horses, but this was hardly profitable, for when a cayuse was broken down, it was generally turned loose to die or get better as the case might be. Ten dollars was soon gone in doctoring, and the same amount would buy another, the only objection being that it might break a few bones before it was usable. With the horses committed to his care he was generally very successful. The Indians found him out, and they liked his strong medicines, and stronger lotions, blue pill and black draught, ammonia and turpentine, anything that bit well, and left its after-effects.

The Indians were by this time beginning to suffer from contact with the whites, and what between scrofula and whiskey were often pitiable objects to behold.

They cannot stand sickness of any kind, and have been known, when an epidemic of small-pox or scarlatina was raging among them, to jump into the cold waters of lake or river while the fever was at its height. Their childishness makes them very hard to deal with in cases of this kind, and whole tribes will be almost cut off in a few weeks.

Just below the town in the middle of the river stands an island, still called Doc's Island, and many is the

canoeload of Redskins who have gone there to consult the old man, for they surely felt his ministrations.

Doc had resolved to cheer his loneliness, and take to himself Mistress Sally, making her queen of all she surveyed on his island, from the one-roomed log hut to the shores of the mighty Fraser, which flowed all round his domain.

Captain Blowhard didn't believe in losing his housekeeper, and the two had a lively time when "Doc" called to pay his respects.

But sweet Sally took a hand in this herself, and settled matters by marrying a third man, named Graham, who resided in a shack on the back of a lot near the premises of the doughty Captain.

The wags of the town, having nothing better to do, kept an eye on these proceedings, and when the blushing bride retired to her rosy bower in the shack, they were all ready to give her the honour of a grand chiverie: which proceeding consists in collecting all the tin pots, pans, tin horns, drums, anything that will make a noise, and on the stroke of midnight opening up the din suddenly upon the pleasing young couple. Surrounding the abode of Cupid, at a given signal they all sounded their instruments of welcome, with shouts of joy, making a deafening noise, much to their own delight and Graham's chagrin. The latter stood it for a few minutes, then he suddenly opened the door and fired a shot-gun into the crowd.

Fortunately he was too much excited to take good aim, and the shots passed over their heads; but he

made a splendid mark as he stood in the lighted doorway hastily reloading; for rotten eggs, apples, and cabbage-stumps found their way into his dwelling in great abundance, knocking gun, powder, and shot from his hands, and making him generally unpleasant as well as uncomfortable.

So he shut the door to do his loading; the crowd waited till the door began to open again, fired the volley they had ready, and then retired to a safe distance, and awoke the echoes for at least two hours. So he had to "grin and abear it."

The lovely Sally lay all unconscious of the honour done her and of the gallant defence of her lord and master, for she had been celebrating pretty freely.

Captain Blowhard felt so badly the loss of her ministrations that he drank himself sick, and the "sparring Doctor" was called in to his relief, and a good-natured ex-Royal Engineer was installed as nurse.

It was a feature of these hardy pioneers that they never allowed any of their chums to be without assistance in sickness.

> "Rattle his bones over the stones
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns"

was no motto of theirs, and when a stranger died you would see a long line of followers behind the wood waggon, the vehicle which had to be used for all, as it carried the unknown remains to their last resting-place.

The medicine, a soothing draught, arrived for the

misguided Captain, and "Joe" proceeded to administer it. He mixed according to directions, held it carefully out of the Captain's reach, and asked—

"See this medicine, Captain?"

"I see it," growled that worthy, "but I ain't a-goin' to take no doctor's stuff, an' you can jist chuck it out."

"*I* say you've got to take it," persisted Joe, who, true to discipline, would have administered bottle, cork, label, paper and string as well, if the doctor had so ordered.

An altercation followed which would have exhausted most well men, but poor Captain Blowhard couldn't chuck the good-natured Joe out, and as it was a matter of strength the Captain was deftly thrown upon his back. When he protested with his usual vigour of speech, a large cork was thrust between his teeth, and the medicine promptly poured down his throat. He gasped and sputtered, but the deed was done, and as the draught likewise performed its allotted office, he awoke in his usual degree of sanity.

Captain Blowhard knew of his nickname, but he was very far from liking it. If any of the wags could get a "Che-chaco" to go in and address him seriously by that name, they were perfectly sure negotiations would proceed no farther, and waited somewhere in the vicinity of the door to see the unsuspecting offender make a flying leap into the street.

A festival of some kind was being promoted by the ladies of the Anglican Church in their unavailing efforts to get sufficient money to build a suitable tower for the

bells so kindly sent out by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts—a sister chime to the Westminster bells of London, England.

Nothing more beautiful could be conceived than to walk by the rushing and magnificent Fraser, the moon making paths of light on its sparkling waters, the scent of pine, cedar, and wild flowers in the air, and listen to the chiming of these bells from the hillside above you, to hear them echo and re-echo from mountain and valley, a continuance of sweet sounds dying in the distance, and ever reverberating from above.

Our friend, the descendant of the gallant Charles, volunteered his services for the sale of tickets. He went into the "Liverpool Arms" near by, sold tickets to the proprietor, a man who never was known to take a drink behind his own bar with any one, although he had amassed quite a fortune by what he served out to others. This man, generally very grave in his demeanour, was willing to have a joke at the Captain's expense; so he advised Mr. "Che-chaco" to "go in to my friend, Captain Blowhard. You will be sure to sell tickets there, as Blowhard is a philanthropic kind of a fellow, and terribly 'gone' on the ladies."

The seller of tickets, delighted with the success he was having, took his cue, and tripped into Blowhard's store.

Rubbing his hands, he commenced, "Your friend next door, tells me, Captain Blowhard——"

"What's that?" asked the Captain, in an ominous voice.

Che-chaco thought the Captain must be deaf himself, he spoke so loudly, so he raised his own voice, "Your friend next door, Captain Blowhard——"

He never got any farther, for the Captain made a run at him with a vociferous "Git out o' this!" and poor Che-chaco was sprawling in the street, wondering what had happened to him and why he saw stars.

The Captain bought out the bankrupt stock of two men who had pushed business till they were in turn "pushed," and made a flying visit to their uncle across the border.

The ladies, of course, went to look for bargains, bankrupt stocks in those days being a curiosity, for though the people were few and far between, money was in nowise scarce.

The wife of a steamboat man, whom for convenience we will call Mrs. Leighton, was there among the rest, and noticed an old woman come in with her grandson. "What do *you* want?" the Captain asked ungraciously. She wanted some stockings for the child. He handed down what he thought would fit the boy. The old lady was somewhat dubious about his ability in the matter, but the good man was in his usual state of ferment, so she held her tongue, and when his back was turned she tried one of them on. He caught her in the act, and when the old lady timidly remarked that they were too large, he caught the stockings out of her hand, and said in his fog-horn voice, "Who the devil do you think'll want them stockin's after *your* grandson's stinkin' feet 'a been in 'em? Git *out* o' this!" He couldn't very

well throw the old woman into the street, so he flung the child's shoes and stockings, and the old woman didn't wait for any more ceremony, but followed them, the child holding on to her skirts and bellowing with all his might; the Captain's dulcet tones had upset his delicate nerves.

Mrs. Leighton, meanwhile, was patiently waiting to see some silks for dresses, which was a luxury the ladies could seldom indulge in, for the simple reason that such goods were seldom included in the stock of the general merchant.

He let her wait, and went to a man who was examining some ready-made clothes. The Captain had shown more than his usual amount of patience with this man, that is, he had taken some half-dozen suits down and shown them to him. The man simply looked at them, apparently not in a hurry to make a selection, and waited for more.

The wrath of the Captain was rising, but he walked to the lady, and throwing down two pieces of silk before her, returned to the man, who was still waiting to see more suits, and had scarcely opened his mouth.

The Captain held up a pair of pants before the man, and said in what were his mild tones, although you might have heard him a block off, "Now just look here, my man, here's a pair of pants, seven dollars and a half. Do you want them?"

"No!" returned the man, looking somewhat amused.

The Captain held up a coat to view. "Here's a coat.

Ten dollars. Do you want that?" With every word his voice increased in volume.

"No!" replied the man, beginning to look puzzled.

"Well! here's another coat, eight dollars. Do you want that?" The storm was working up.

"No!" said the man again.

The last shred of the Captain's patience was nearly worn out. He hastily selected a vest, and dangling it before the nose of the customer, he vociferated, "Here's a vest, two dollars and a half. Do you want that?"

"No!" said the man, and was about to explain what he did want, but the Captain had reached tempest pitch. He rushed at the man, roaring, "Then *git* out o' this!!" he raised his foot, with the man on it, and precipitated him into the street.

The lady looking at the silks began to wish she had not come bargain-hunting, especially as the silks shown her were of gaudy colours and impossible plaids. When he came to her she ventured to tell him she wanted a nice brown or quaker grey. He told her he hadn't any that he knew of, and if those didn't suit her——

She hastily broke in, and laying her hand upon the least showy one, although the plaid was enormous, being of pale lavender and light brown, crossed with bars of black four inches wide, said she would take that one.

As she left the shop carrying her unwelcome bargain, for no delivery boys were thought of then, she heard him say, while he put into his till some forty dollars, "The only sensible person I've had in the store to-day."

A squaw-man, with one of his half-breed offspring, was awaiting his turn to be served, and as time was no object in those days, for no one seemed to have much to do, and the Captain was engaged with one of his own ilk, talking of the sea, the man set the child on the top of a barrel of black molasses and patiently awaited the merchant-captain's pleasure.

Walking to the window, his hands in his pockets, he proceeded to take in the exciting view, which consisted of several vacant lots, a chemist's shop with the assistant outside trying a horse; a cobbler at work upon his last, with a group of gossiping loungers around him; a saloon-keeper or two sunning themselves and watching some stray cows as they cropped the grass from the sides of the street, and then tried if old country straw from the packing-cases wouldn't be sweeter.

The butcher's cart went dashing by at its usually exciting speed; the child stood up to see it—a crash, a howl, and a sputtering gasp closed the captain's reminiscences, and he rushed for the child; but the father was ahead of him, and was hauling out the sticky youngster. They held the child over the barrel and scraped as much back into it again as they could, then parent and child were hurried into the street in an atmosphere which was blue with anathemas.

This way of doing things naturally affected his business, and trade fell off. He had an idea that men of his own craft were the only people who had any sense, so he waylaid Captain Leighton on his way up from his boat, and, much to the latter's astonish-

ment, invited him in to have a glass of grog and a pipe.

All went well, and they exchanged yarns, enjoying them afresh, till Blowhard complained of the dulness of trade. The Captain had his own idea of the reason why, since his wife had told him what occurred when she had bought her impossible silk, which, all made and ready to wear, was laid snugly away, but fell so far short of being "quakerish" that the good lady had never summoned up courage to wear it. Blowhard asked Leighton's advice as to whether it would not be better for him to remove his stock to Yale; he thought the place would be more in his line.

"I couldn't advise you to go there, for the Oppen Brothers have just been selling out a big stock below cost, and when you'd paid all expenses of shipping, getting a new place, and so on, I am sure you'd be loser in the transaction."

They had been smoking and talking so calmly before that Captain Leighton was surprised to see Blowhard lay down his pipe and start for him with his accustomed roar of "*Git* out o' this!" But he "got" before Blowhard reached him.

When there was an auction Blowhard was the auctioneer, and the room would generally be crowded to see the fun. Supposed bidders would be jumping out of windows or running for doors to get away from the muscular auctioneer, who vociferated for bids or vengeance.

But business became more and more slack, so he

moved to Victoria, whence, after more or less success, he departed to return no more.

Going up-river one day, a passenger at Captain Leighton's table remarked to him as they talked, "I guess there's an uproar in hell just now."

"Why?" inquired the Captain.

"Old Blowhard is dead."

CHAPTER XVI

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

BILLY sat up and rubbed his eyes, wondering why Billings had not called for his tea. He met the steady gaze of the stout squaw, who patted his yellow locks and smiled. Truth to tell, he was very like her own half-breed son, only that his skin was fairer and his face smaller. She had been the wife of a fair-haired trapper; had been married with the consent of the tribe, and her "man" had hunted and trapped with the foremost braves, till consumption wore him away, as it almost invariably does the most rugged white man who marries or lives with a squaw.

There were several daughters of this marriage, and but one left unmarried. The only son lay with his father in the Indian burying ground, with grotesque

images carved from wood standing guard over their graves, while the rotting utensils, their clothes, the gun of the man, and the playthings of the boy, were disposed under the mouldering canopy of the blankets which had been used by them in life. The same all-consuming disease, which is still rife among those of mixed blood, had carried them both off—or so they supposed. Under the blanket stretched over the lad's grave—"the boy with the yellow hair"—was a little table, rudely made, after the pattern of the whites, and round it were laid, touching each other, a ring of silver coins—dollars, half-dollars, and quarters. For several years this offering had lain there, but not a coin had been touched. It is even doubtful if anyone had put his head inside the blanket tepee since it had been raised by the sorrowing mother. The Indians do not care for the company of their dead tillicums (friends), and when the squaws have wailed themselves voiceless over them, consider it only necessary to look forward to meeting them in the happy hunting grounds beyond the Setting Sun.

In this same burying ground was a weird reminder to any one who could stoop so low as to rob the silent dead. Across a grave lay a skeleton with the weather-worn tatters of a white man's garb upon its distorted limbs. Driven through it was a stake of stout wood, and here the despoiler of graves had met his death at the hands of the incensed Indians who had caught him in the act. He, too, had been a squaw-man, but he was no hunter or trapper—he lay about his camp, and the squaw had to



INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

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work for him. There is no man so despised among the tribes as a man of this sort. When they went south, or to a trading post, he always had money for drink, which aroused their suspicions, and they watched him. How long and how patiently they can do this none but themselves know.

These northern Indians used to be very clever at carving in wood, stone, metal, and ivory, and as we have seen, it was their custom to bury the treasures of their dead with them, that they might have the pleasure of using them in the life to which they had passed "beyond the Setting Sun." The articles to be obtained were very valuable, such as carved bracelets of silver or gold, necklaces of shells curiously wrought, nose rings, and lip extenders of ivory. For the latter two slits were cut in the upper or under lip, and the ivory ornament inserted.

The squaw was pleased with Billy; he was small, and weak, and yellow-haired, like her darling. Squaws love fair hair, and the blue-eyed, fair-haired white man is to them as a being from a higher world. The boy seemed quite content to sit round with her, fetch wood and water, build her fire and cook her food, which was of the best and in plenty, for she was the daughter of the Chief Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, and not nearly so old in years as a person might think by looking at her, for these women fade early, as indeed most women born in this part of the world appear to do, of whatever race.

Billy had held on to his books and slate when he fled from the vengeance of Billings. Over these he pored

till he knew them by heart; he had even learned his tables—a task he had before despaired of.

Many a night around the camp fire he recited to the braves in English, and some of the lads began to speak it after him, for they are quick to catch sounds, even when they don't know their meaning.

Two of the canoes had gone off the day after they camped here, manned by the bucks only, who looked stern and angry as they went.

The squaws, children, and older men cut vine maples about two inches through. These they peeled, and on one side for about two feet from the end they bored holes with a redhot spike.

They made a charcoal from some of this wood, which is almost as hard as the English oak, but only grows to the thickness of saplings. Cutting up the thinner parts into three-inch lengths, they covered one end of the pieces with live coals, and piled over these wet moss, dead wood, and green leaves.

When the six-foot stick was ready bored, they poured water over the smouldering fires, and then taking out the short pieces with the charred and hardened ends, they sharpened and fitted them into the holes bored into the larger sticks, till they looked like huge, old-fashioned curling combs, with long, black, sharp teeth.

While the men and boys had been thus employed, the squaws, old and young, had prepared long pieces of the supple vine maple, not thicker than your little finger; these they peeled and dried, laying them in bundles.

Soon came seagulls in white clouds, and the men, looking out, said, " Oolachans charco ! " (The oolachans have come.)

The one canoe left them was pushed out; a buck at the bow, another in the stern, four others on either side held, as they pushed off, the newly made comb-like rakes in their hands.

A silvery mass of fish was passing along just under the water; so thick were they that hundreds, nay thousands, and tens of thousands were crowded up on the beaches, the sand bars, and the small islands, where they were pounced upon by the myriads of gulls.

Into this surging mass went the canoe, the eight men dipped their rakes, raised them quickly, and, throwing their contents into the canoe, dipped again.

In less than an hour the carved head of the grey wolf on the high prow of the big war canoe turned to land, the men waist deep in the silver beauties. They stretched themselves to rest and dry out in the sun whilst the busy squaws filled their large grass-made baskets with the delicate little fish, about six inches in length.

The papooses, their baskets propped up against a log, blinked their great black eyes as they looked wonderingly on, some crying, some crowing with glee; but in this they suited themselves, their mothers had other and more important matters on hand.

These oolachans are the " candle fish " of travellers. So full of oil are they, that when dried you can light them, and they will serve in the place of candles. Of

course they create a fishy odour, but of this fact the Indians are either oblivious or careless.

Many more canoeloads were brought in, and the squaws took the delicate little fish, too fragile to be strung by the gills, and, interlacing them in the supple vine maples they had prepared, dried them in the sun upon cross poles put up for that purpose. The oil which dripped from them was caught and kept for future use.

One thing Billy could do, and of that the Indians never tired. He had a sweet, childish voice and a quick ear, and could sing many of the songs he had heard in camp, and to the tune of others, where he had not caught the words, he had set some of the poetry in his reading-book. Added to this two or three "action songs" he had learned in the Infant department of the military schools in England, made him very popular with the community, who, one and all, were more like grown-up children than men and women, and followed in the action songs, singing the tune without the words in high glee. The deep-chested bass notes of the men, the shrill tones of the squaws, and the sweet voices of the papooses mingled in pleasant harmony.

They were thus harmlessly engaged one night when the distant beat of paddles was heard by a lad lying with his ear to the earth. Always one or other was thus listening for the approach of friend or foe. The lad leaped to his feet; in an instant all was silence and the fire was smothered.

They listened again, when some one said, "They are

coming, and bring *them!*" Instantly pitch-wood was heaped on the fire, and soon after two canoes grated upon the beach. Two bound figures were taken out, one from each canoe. The cords which held them had been made from the inner bark of the cedar which grows above the snow-line. It is almost as strong as wire rope.

The men withdrew for a hyas war-war (big talk), then the two captives were taken away bound into the forest back of them. Here the tom-toms were beaten, axes were ringing, pine-trees full of gum were cut and brought to where two tall pines without leaf or branch stood, within six feet of each other, in a natural clearing. Here the logs were cleverly piled, so that they would crackle and roar, and the black smoke from the pitch-pines would ascend to the blue sky above before the match had been applied five minutes.

Looking round for the bound captives, you hear a few words spoken from above the piled-up pine-wood, and glancing up you see one figure bound to each tree by deer-thongs above the pyre.

The voice you first hear is that of the fine-looking young buck. "Are you sorry you went with me?" he asks, as he turns to look at his companion. She cannot turn her head, for it is bound to the tree by the long black tresses of her hair, but she replies, "I would rather die with you, than live with him!" indicating a man who was even now applying the pine torch beneath them.

Soon amidst the rattle of the tom-toms, the screams

and taunts of the squaws, the crackle and roar of the flames, the heads of the two figures behind the veil of black smoke, fell upon their breasts, and not long after two charred bodies dropped into the blazing sea of fire, and were seen no more.

The men were not very well satisfied, for the young buck had refused to answer any questions, had not opened his lips since his capture—he was so angry with himself to have been caught off his guard, and bound without having struck a single blow. The men wanted to have him put to the torture to make him speak, but Wa-huks-gum-ala-you had refused. He had known that these two young people loved each other; but in his absence the young squaw had been forced into a marriage with the cruel Medicine Man Kwaw-kewlth, whose brutality had killed several of his squaws. Her parents had taken his presents, and given him the unwilling girl. Had Wa-huks-gum-ala-you been there, he would not have allowed it. But they had broken the tribal law of morality, and together they had suffered the penalty.

All this time some of the old squaws had been preparing a feast of oolachans for the returned and successful bucks. They wanted Bee-lee, as they called him, to sing to them, when they had eaten to repletion. He, all unconscious of the fearful tragedy just enacted, was awakened from his sleep to come and do their bidding. He sang his little songs, and they, as gleefully as ever, joined in. They had only carried out the vengeance of their tribal law upon those who had

broken its precepts, and their consciences acquitted them.

The following day was spent in lounging idleness.

One lad, a hunchback, who didn't seem to belong to any one in particular, had taken a great fancy to Bee-lee, and for hours they pored together over the books and slate.

Chuck-chuck was an apt pupil, and a sweet singer. Bee-lee had never known such happy days since his mother died. No work so hard that it made his young shoulders stoop, and stunted his growth. No fear of being beaten or dragged by the hair of his head from sleep to be cuffed around by a drunken ruffian. He was now ten years of age, not taller than most children at seven, whilst some of the Indian children of four were bigger than he, and much heavier.

These people, sitting in their canoes, their long arms reaching out to paddle, had the appearance of large fine people. Their heads were large, their faces enormous, cheek bones high, foreheads low, their skin a tawny brown, merging into chocolate colour as they grew older. Their hair was black and coarse, in the case of the men standing out from just below the ears in a thick mop-like profusion. The squaws' was scarcely as thick, was allowed to grow long, was plastered with bear's grease, and was plaited in two long braids down their back. If a squaw's "man" died she had to cut her hair as short as that of the men.

When these people stood up, you were very much disappointed in their height, as their legs were dis-

proportionately short, giving them somewhat of an elfish appearance.

No special work was required of Bee-lee, his recitations and songs at the camp fire being considered sufficient. Chuck-chuck had constituted himself body-guard and assistant both to Bee-lee and the squaw, Hai-dah. Bee-lee felt far from strong. He would lie for hours sleeping in the pine forests, or by the sea-shore, while the others were at work or play. No one interfered with him, he came and went as he pleased, only when you saw Bee-lee, you might be sure Chuck-chuck was not far off.

After their rest the whole community were up and off betimes, still going north. The canoes, large as they were, had all they could carry, which probably accounted for the hasty execution of the two captives. Their own purpose in going so far south as the Fraser had been only to get these erring ones, as any breach of morality, whether by married or single, was always punished by both burning together at the stake. There was no discrimination, no mercy. This accomplished, it was quite possible the tribe might never again go so far south, and of course Bee-lee would grow up as one of them; as indeed it was intended he should. Hai-dah's daughters had been in demand among the young Chiefs of neighbouring tribes. One, the youngest, was left, and the squaw intended that Bee-lee should marry her, and succeed Wa-huks-gum-ala-you as Chief of the tribe. Of this honour he was ignorant. The marriageable age being twelve to sixteen, there would



OLD CHIEF WA-HUKS-GUM-ALA-YOU.

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not be long to wait, but He-he (the Laughing One) had already views of her own upon the subject, having reached the mature age of twelve, though neither she nor her mother knew her age—they have no idea how many "snows" they have lived.

Paddling still north, they would beach their canoes and camp each night, cook supper and prepare food to last next day. One day they were going along as usual, Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, his daughter, Bee-lee, and Chuck-chuck, passengers in the first canoe, when it quivered from stem to stern under the combined force of the rushing water and the impelling paddles. Without the passing of a word, the canoe shot aside into a cave, the others followed, and soon the water was eddying by in angry swirls.

Chuck-chuck took Bee-lee up to a promontory overlooking the waters, which were churning their way through a narrow passage not more than two thousand feet across. Chuck-chuck clapped his hands and danced in wild glee at the uproar. The waters seemed to come down from above the narrows, and up from below, running with great velocity. Here they met and, rushing together, formed irregular columns of water forty feet in height. Therein the giants of the forest were lifted and whirled, tossed hither and thither, like featherweights in a maelstrom.

"We can't go through that!" said Bee-lee, looking down at the foaming, surging, resistless flood.

"Oh! by and by, by and by, all still," replied Chuck-chuck.

They returned to the camp with a basket of berries they had picked, red, ripe, and round as peas. These are always welcome in the summer-time to these flesh- and fish-eating people; they will go many, many miles to get them. Other children came in with like quantities, which were soon disposed of.

Seated round a calabash cut out from hard wood, with the head of the grey wolf carved upon it, each family, dipping from the same dish, helped themselves with wooden spoons made from the same hard wood, and most of them bearing the carven head of the wolf. They all ate heartily, and slept for an hour or two after it. Then Chuck-chuck and Bee-lee came down from their coign of vantage above to say that the narrows were passable, being safe only at certain stages of the tide.

They next entered a beautiful inlet, where the mountains rose precipitously, almost from the waters themselves. Passing up it, they camped on the banks of a river flowing into it. The oolachan catch, some flour, and so on, brought from the south were then loaded upon two canoes and sent on to their winter quarters.

CHAPTER XVII

The city had now reached such a stage that schools were a crying necessity. The Roman Catholics came in and established St. Louis College; near it was built a palace for their bishop. These were small structures of wood, but the school, as conducted by the Brothers of St. Louis and superintended by Father Horris, a bright and genial priest, was quite a boon to the community.

Already several attempts had been made to establish a public school, and as many teachers had given it up in despair, for they were unable to keep ahead of their pupils.

Following the example of the Brothers of St. Louis, came the Sisters of St. Ann. They bought a beautiful site at the highest point of the hill overlooking the river, where the grassy sward sloped down to its high banks, and only a few maple-trees stood here and there in park-like order. From its windows the entire view of the river from bend to bend lay before you. Here they built a two-story convent and surrounded it with high wooden walls.

They were soon busily occupied with the daughters of

the settlers. As many boarders as they could take, both white and mixed, came from the upper country, and day scholars swarmed in the newly made grounds.

Those who wished were exempted from religious exercises—indeed the Protestant children were greatly in the majority.

No sad recluses were these Sisters. Under many a Convent garb you saw faces of great beauty, as well as some possessing less physical charm, but all seemed bright, busy, and cheerful. So accustomed was the little community to their quiet, unobtrusive presence that they created no undue observation as they passed along with their lines of pupils. As soon as they were seen in the distance an admiring crowd of men, young and not young, would gather to see them go by. Sister Mary Pracede had charge of them for many years, and vigilant she must have been, for only one runaway match occurred, and then it was under difficulties.

Once an enterprising wife-hunter thought to abduct one of the Sisters, but she left the marks of her nails so prominently on his face that he was easily identified and punished as he deserved.

After that a Brother always lived upon the premises as protector, but he was very deaf.

Several of the Sisters could only speak French, but were anxious to learn English as soon as possible, Sister Mary Jo-jo particularly. She said to the girls one day, "Now, when I make one meestake in ze Anglish, you come and 'scratch' me." In her efforts she had substituted "scratch" for "correct," and the girls were,

of course, delighted. School was one long frolic to them, the majority seeming to try and see how little they could manage to learn. Among the frolicsome ones was Martha Ann, or Marthe Ann, as she was usually called, the only and idolised child of Captain Leighton and his good wife, whom we have seen buying her impossible silk dress from the late Captain Blowhard.

Back of the Convent of St. Ann stretched the original forest, with only a trail or two here and there. Hidden amongst the trees stood, for those times, a perfect mansion. It consisted of a one-story house spreading over much ground, for from a central hall opened six good large rooms, besides pantries and so on. The man who had built it was looked upon as a crank for going so far from the main street, and before the advent of the Sisters it was as lonely as if your abode were on the side of a mountain. Unfortunately his family took diphtheria, I think it was, and two of them died. Being of the Roman Catholic Church they burned many candles around their dead as they lay in state, but they never drew the blinds, and people came up from town to look in from the outside.

After all was over the parents moved to another part of the country, but the house was left to go to wrack and ruin, for every one declared that the place was haunted, and that on dark nights if you dared to look in at this particular window you would see the two coffins side by side surrounded by candles, and hear the chanting of masses from the lips of invisible priests.

That was all very well, for it saved the premises from the vandalism of the whites, but the fruit trees were coming on—little trees not much taller than a man bearing to such an extent that the branches broke with their weight. There were tangled growths of flowers and creepers, hop vines and honeysuckles entwined themselves over the back verandah, yellow jasmine and roses tried to do the same for the front; altogether it formed a very pretty wilderness within the forest, and Mrs. Leighton and her mother, Mrs. Mar, thought so one day when they happened upon it.

Marthe Ann was of an age to go to school, but they demurred at sending her so far alone. Here was just the opportunity; haunts or no haunts, they would ask the good-natured Captain to buy and restore this property. Neither of the ladies cared to be too closely surrounded by neighbours; they were from Kent, in Old England, and for the sake of the flowers were willing to have the ghosts thrown in.

The Captain blustered and declared that it was too far from the steamboat landing, that half the time he would be unable to get up home, that as soon as he had got everything fixed a ghost would appear to them, or they would imagine it did, and there would be an end to the whole thing.

As the ladies remained firm, there was nothing for him to do but to open up negotiations for the property. This was so easily accomplished that the Captain's first bid was taken, and his family cosily settled there inside of a month.





FRASER RIVER SQUAW AND PAPOOSE.

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One of the Indians employed on the boat brought his whole family down, and they camped in the forest near by, so as to be handy for Mrs. Leighton to employ in house or garden. Marthe Ann was of a happy disposition, and these Indians called her the He-he klootchman (Laughing Girl). They were sorry for Mrs. Leighton that she had no son, so they cleaned up one of their own boys and brought him to her to know if she would not like to adopt him. She was horrified at the very idea, as he would bring so much undesirable company with him. But she compromised the matter by having him to work for her all the time, giving him the Captain's old clothes, and letting him eat in the woodshed. This satisfied them, and each papoose that was born into the family received one of their names, beginning, of course, with Marthe Ann. In the winter they all went up to their tribal reservation, but they offered to leave Moose-Moose with Mrs. Leighton if she would let him sleep in the house, as the woodshed was by now well stocked for winter use. She told them that she could get along till the spring alone she thought, but that they were to come back then.

Whenever the Captain came home his first words were, "Well, old woman, where's Marthe Ann?" This day he was told rather sharply, "Over at the Convent, as usual!"

He thought it was time she was home, and started over after her. He entered the garden by a gate in the high wall; it closed behind him with a

bang, and could only be opened again by Brother Michael.

"Marthe Ann!" roared the Captain, turning his head in the direction whence he heard a babel of tongues. No response. "Marthe Ann!" he repeated, still louder. This time the voice had penetrated the open windows of the Convent and was heard above the voices of the girls.

Instantly there was silence. A man's voice within the sacred precincts! They heard it again. The girls fled, the Sisters were afraid to go out to him, Brother Michael was calmly sleeping, but Marthe Ann recognised the voice, and knew her father had carried out his oft-repeated threat of fetching her, so she slipped away, out at the front gate, which she snapped after her, and sped away home.

The Captain called a time or two again, but the silence made him uncomfortable, and he thought he would go home. He returned to the gate by which he had entered; it was locked. He went all round by the walls; there was only one more gate, but that was as unyielding as the other. He marched up the steps to the front door. Just out of sight was a newly arrived French Sister, who had been up to their chapel in the roof to arrange some flowers, and knew nothing of the panic below.

"Marthe Ann!" shouted the Captain into the sounding hall, at the top of his voice.

The startled Sister gave him one look, and ran back up the stairs.

"Like a flock of geese!" soliloquised the Captain. "How am I to get off this sand-bar I'd like to know. Got to find a pilot somewhere; guess I'd better go up to the wheel-house." Suiting the action to the word, he stamped up the bare white stairs, shouting "Marthe Ann!" He thought he heard steps every now and then, but never a soul did he see. On he kept, up some narrow steps which led into the bell-tower.

"Guess this is the pilot-house," he remarked, trying to look round in the semi-darkness, when he was startled by the clang of the bell almost in his ear. Taking a step backwards he lost his balance and fell down the narrow stairway to the first landing. The poor Sister was in a pitiable state of fright; she thought a crazy man had broken into the Convent, had warned some of those she had seen, and then gone on to ring the bell for help, but alas for her! the lunatic was at her heels, and she clanged away with a will.

Brother Michael awoke with a start, hobbled into the Convent, and as he could see no one went on up to the turret. Marthe Ann and her mother were over in time to hear a vociferous "Marthe Ann!" and to see the meeting of the deaf Brother and the Captain.

Brother Michael's hat came off as he addressed the irate Captain in his most conciliatory tones, asking what he could have the pleasure of doing for him.

"Do for me?" shouted the Captain; "why, let me

CHAPTER XVIII

THESE war canoes are from fifty to sixty feet long, and some six feet across at the widest part; made from a single stick of cedar, specially braced with many thwarts, and hardened within by fire and smoke. There are no seats in them, those who paddle and steer kneel, the rest sit flat in the bottom, even the children and dogs know how necessary it is to keep perfectly still. Whatever danger they may be in, no one moves, everything is left to the braves in charge, and it is astonishing through what seas and over what rapids they will guide these frail keelless craft, scarcely shipping any water. Should water come in at any time a squaw picks up a cedar-bark bailer and quietly scoops up all the water she can; what she is unable to dip out, they just sit in and make no complaint. To make this bailer, a piece of cedar bark about four inches wide is taken; six inches of the centre is left, the ends being carried up on either side and crossed over at the top upon a piece of wood to form a handle; a few little pegs are inserted in the wide part which forms the bailer at either side, so as to turn the sides up slightly and at the same time keep the bark from stringing

apart. In bailing they never disturb the equilibrium of the canoe, only the arms move as if on a pivot, whilst the body remains rigid.

As soon as the canoes touched the shore all the braves took their hunting-knives and two or three flint-lock muskets, and went off to hunt moose or deer.

Before starting out each head of a family broke off a handful of spruce boughs and threw them with apparent carelessness upon the ground as they passed on their expedition.

As soon as the squaws had unloaded the canoes several of the oldest of them pushed off and fished for mountain trout, using spawn for bait, with deer sinews as line.

The children scattered to pick berries in watertight baskets woven from grass over the green roots of cedar, which are very pliable, and at the same time extremely durable. In these they boiled their meat or fish by standing in a heated hole in which hot ashes had been placed and covered with wet moss, occasionally dropping in a hot stone to accelerate the process. Several had iron pots, but these were not as yet looked upon with any degree of favour. No one knew what spirit of evil might lurk in these utensils of the white men, nor what curse might be held over them through the influence contained in these pots of an unknown material.

The squaws carried their papoose baskets up the slope to the drier land above. They looked round in a casual

kind of way, and each deposited her papoose, or, failing this, whatever she had brought, by a particular bunch of spruce boughs, which never failed to be those thrown down by her own particular lord and master, for by this he had indicated where his lordship wished his own particular tent to be raised.

You might notice that a squaw took an empty papoose basket and the soft deerskin used to swathe the limbs of her offspring. She said a word or two to another squaw and left a young child in her charge; then she disappeared into the woods, and about two hours afterwards returned, the strap of her papoose basket across her forehead, and a fine male child calmly sleeping at her back. She deposited the newly arrived son in the tent she had raised before setting out, and continued the preparations for the return of her lord.

At sundown, when the bucks arrived in camp, everything was in readiness for their reception. Plenty of trout had been cooked on sticks before the fires. A goodly supply of the roots of a large fern which looks and tastes something like parsnips, had been boiled. Then there were the delicious berries, a beautiful blue with a soft bloom upon them, or the same red berries which we have seen before, all about the size of peas.

Each family gathered round its own basket or calabash, and helped themselves as they felt inclined. The first choice was given to the buck, who, as a sign of his favour, would give to his favourite wife, child, or guest a piece he considered as good as his own.





THE PAPOOSES WAILED FROM THEIR BASKETS.

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Many were the heartburnings thus caused, when the more industrious squaw saw the tit-bits going to her rivals.

Very few of the men took more than one wife, and more seldom still did they take more than one upon an expedition of this kind. So, as a rule, harmony reigned. Each squaw only looked after her own progeny, neither would she trust them to another wife, however friendly they might be in general, for her children were her crown of glory, her hold upon her liege lord, her passport to consideration—and might not her rival do away with them if left to her care? So each family had to accompany its particular head, or the men would have to carry dried meat or fish, sleep in the open, and suffer many discomforts if their squaws were not on hand to do all these things for them.

The young squaw who had come in with her papoose basket said nothing to her lord upon his arrival, but when he came out of his tent to where the squaw and a tenase klootchman (female child) awaited him at their calabash, he handed his squaw a better piece of trout than his own, for now he was the proud father of a man child, and she was happy. Had he been again disappointed, she would probably have been beaten.

The camp fires blazed on the banks of the river. The hunters lay around, smoked their pipes and talked. The squaws attended to their duties. But the air was heavy, not a sound came from the forest, not a leaf moved, not a blade of grass waved. The papoose wailed fretfully from its basket; even the swings rigged

up by the girls, which were kept moving in unison with the soft tones of their lullaby, failed of their effect.

These swings for the papoose baskets are made by stripping a vine maple of its boughs if it grows conveniently; if not, one is cut, the butt-end driven into the ground and bent over; the papoose basket is then swung from it by thongs of deerskin, or ropes of cedar bark. Often a half-naked urchin will lie upon his back and gently move it up and down with his toes.

Lightning flashed over peak and chasm, river and valley, in lurid sheets; lower and nearer it came. The air was stifling. Then peal upon peal of thunder broke upon the stillness. Each family withdrew to its own tepee, and presently rain came down in torrents; but the skin tents kept all within dry, and the small ditch scraped around each carried off the water.

The children hid their heads and slept for very fear. Several of the hunters gathered in the tent of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you and told of legend and experience.

The Thunder God, said one, dwells in the mountains above the snow-line, he never comes below it. If ever he is seen by an Indian, that Indian dies soon after. One Indian only lived to tell what he saw. He was a mighty hunter of the grizzly, so of course his game was only found in the regions of perpetual snow.

One day he was following the tracks of an immense bear. He knew its size by the print of its feet, he knew it was a grizzly by a few hairs left in passing under a fallen tree; he knew its height, for the hairs

were from its back, and the log was four feet from the ground; he knew the direction it had taken by the print of its paws; he knew also that it was an old bear, for it had lost a tooth, which he could tell by examining a bear or skunk cabbage it had cropped in passing, and he knew it had passed but a few minutes ahead of him by the freshness of its spoor.

So absorbed was he in his pursuit that the condition of the weather had escaped his attention, until a black cloud seemed almost upon him. He looked up shivering with cold. What was his horror when he saw, not a cloud, as he had thought, but a creature the size of a small mountain, with a head fifty times the size of a moose. On either side was a marvellous eye, each being many eyes in one, they stood out in bunches, and from them the fire streamed in lurid sheets. When he moved his head the forked lightning shot out and withered everything it touched, setting the pitch-pines on fire.

When he opened his mouth, six grizzlies would not have filled it, and each tooth was as big as a man. He lashed out in all directions with his red tongue; then deer, birds, and mountain goats were drawn towards him without the power to fly, and went down to his capacious maw as they were; even elk and moose were as mice to him.

When he roared the very mountains trembled, and the thunder reached the world of men.

With one sweep of his tail he tore down whole forests. One push from his horns made the avalanche roll down

the mountainside, and hundreds of goats came leaping up to get above it and were swallowed by the Thunder God.

With his two forelegs he tore up the mountainside and stood it up on high. He is angry now. The white men can't tell what it is, but we *know*. Is not his likeness carved upon the canoe of the Nootkas?

The men sat and smoked in silence when the story-teller had finished.

The skin curtain at the entrance was pushed aside, and a fine, strong lad entered, and waited the pleasure of the Chief to address him. He had not yet attained to the social eminence of a visitor to the Chief's lodge; he had yet to earn this elevation by his deeds.

The braves smoked on for some time, taking no notice of the intruder. The youth made a gesture of appeal to Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, who after a while signed to him to come forward.

The Chief looked at him, saw he was agitated, and waited for him to calm down—his young men must not be squaws. The lad exerted his self-control, and receiving permission to speak, said in a perfectly steady voice, "My father and my brother Tcliick have not yet returned from the hunt, and their squaws are anxious."

The Chief smoked on in silence for a few minutes, then taking his pipe from his mouth he inquired of those sitting with him what they thought.

Still smoking on, almost as though they had not heard, they sat, till the oldest of them replied, "No doubt they

had lost their way, had made fire, and were sleeping." The others agreed that this was so, and appeared to dismiss the subject.

Yet the youth lingered. When again given permission to speak, he said, "Till now I have no hunting-knife, I only help the squaws. If the Chief Wa-huks-gum-ala-you will give me a hunting-knife, I will go and search for my father and my brother, and if any harm has happened to them I will bring word to the great Chief!"

Again silence reigned. This lad was young to stand in with the hunters; for when he had secured this right, he was likewise entitled to set up his own lodge, and take to himself a squaw.

Wa-huks-gum-ala-you now put a question which seemed outside the present quest, but which he knew lay behind it. "Who is the young squaw you would do this for?"

"It is the Forest Lily, daughter of Un-ke-ke! He turned as he spoke and looked at a fine specimen of tribal strength who sat on his heels upon the right of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you.

Un-ke-ke showed no surprise; but this was a serious matter to him, the Forest Lily being the last of his children left. One had died as a hunter in the embrace of a grizzly, another was drowned by the parting of a canoe whilst on an expedition, and with him had gone ten other young men of the tribe. Yet another son had been the victim of witchcraft—that is, he had gradually faded away. He thought sadly of all this as he smoked

and looked at the lad who would take from him his only one. As he looked his features relaxed, for the lad was good to look upon, and he could recall instances of his kindness towards the Forest Lily, and of her preference for him.

"Suppose before morning they come home all right?" he asked.

"I will return the knife and wait."

"Should you meet the Thunder God?"

"I shall have no fear."

The Chief removed his pipe. "If he brings back his father and brother, dead or alive, will you give to him your daughter, Un-ke-ke?"

"I will."

Wa-huks-gum-ala-you handed the young man his coveted hunting-knife, and he went swiftly out.

No more was seen of him for several days, then he came into camp with the skin of an enormous grizzly on his shoulders, and went straight to the tent of the Chief. As it was after the evening meal, the hunters were assembled there. He waited, as before, for permission to advance. This was accorded almost immediately, for he carried his passport to the company of the hunters. Still he lingered near the entrance, for although he had brought the skin, his was not the glory of killing its owner.

At the second bidding he came into the light of the fire, and faced Wa-huks-gum-ala-you.

"Do you bring any news of your father and Tcliick?"

"I bring news." This was said slowly and very sadly. They all smoked for some time before he was desired to speak. When the signal was given, the young man, standing outside the circle, said, "When Wa-huks-gum-ala-you gave me this hunting-knife, I started immediately to look for my father and Tcliick. While the sun was yet young, I was far up the mountain. As I knew not which way to go, I cut the divining rod. It pointed still up. When the sun was high, I rested awhile. Still the rod pointed up, and I followed. At night I built a fire and waited for the daylight. Still the rod pointed up the mountain, and I climbed on. Here I came upon their trail in the snow-line. It was easy to follow then. I could see by the tracks and the hair upon the trees and brush that they were following a grizzly. I called; only the echoes came back. Then I looked again. The trail was three days old. I made haste to catch up with them. Soon I came through the brush into a clearing." He paused quite a time here, and silence reigned in the tent. "There I saw my father and Tcliick lying near the grizzly. I went to them. My father had fired his musket at the bear. The ball had passed through its heart. But the grizzly dies hard. My father was fifty feet away, reloading. The grizzly came to him, and knocked the musket out of his hand. It took my father in the embrace of death. Tcliick ran up and buried his hunting-knife in the heart of the grizzly. The bear struck Tcliick on the head with his paw. My brother's head was broken in. All three died together."

Others had silently gathered as the young man talked. Now a long and respectful pause was made. Then the Chief said, "Grizzly, you have done well!" He turned and looked at Un-ke-ke.

"The Forest Lily shall be the wife of the Grizzly before the snow flies!"

The young man whose name for the future in their own language would mean "Tracker of the Grizzly," sat down at the foot of the hunters' lodge and Wa-huks-gum-ala-you passed him a pipe.

These pipes are beautifully carved from a black stone, which, however, is very light in weight. The head of some animal, the name-creature of their especial tribe or family, forms the bowl. The stem can be removed for cleaning, those which have a curve in them being held in greater esteem. Some were inlaid with gold, silver, copper, shell, or ivory. The eyes of the animal represented were made of garnets or small rubies.

The wail of women, crying for their dead, rose on the still night-air. Well may they wail! Their lot is hard enough while their lords are alive, but some consideration has to be shown them, especially if he is a good hunter, for all benefit by his prowess, as they live in community and have all worldly goods in common. When her "man" is dead, the squaw has a hard time of it, she has to work for son or daughter, friend or foe, as desired. The older and more feeble she grows, the more ridicule she excites; and the less work she can accomplish, the less is she desired in any wigwam.

The young and strong have neither use nor pity for the aged and decrepit.

They would commence softly with the voice of but one woman, then the mournful strain would rise in cadence and increase in volume till it thrilled the very nerves of the listeners. Thus the wails of sorrow awoke the echoes till nearly dawn, then, wearied out, they slept.

Poor Billy stole away, it reminded him too forcibly of a plank over the side of a storm-tossed vessel, and the plunge of two still figures. He knew it was not well that these people should see him cry. Chuck-chuck found him, and insisted it was better to read, boys should have no tears or they would never make great warriors or hunters.

The reason for camping at this river now became apparent. Forked sticks were cut, vine-maple poles, which grow so close together that they will reach the height of forty to sixty feet, and not be as thick as your wrist, varying but little in thickness from butt to top, were laid in piles, ready for the first run of the Sockeye salmon. Soon they made their appearance, struggling up against the stream. They had been hesitating for some days in the salt water, gradually tasting the fresh until they should become accustomed to it.

After the thunderstorm they came on in millions. The men only needed to stand in the water and scoop them up in nets made by the squaws from the fine roots of the cedar and spruce.

The salmon were cleaned, split and boned by the

squaws and children, who hung them in long lines to dry in the sun. Some of these lines were thickly overlaid and surrounded by green bush and a smoke was made under them by covering live coals with damp moss, rotten wood, and earth.

The children, especially the young klootchmen, gathered berries, dug roots both for food and the weaving of baskets, nets, mats, and so on. The old squaws gathered medicinal roots, of which they possessed a somewhat dangerous knowledge. Others obtained colours for their more fantastic work, or for their faces upon holiday occasions, of red and blue. These were from berries as well as roots.

The young klootchmen also minded the papooses, built fires, fetched loads of fuel on their backs, held in place by a woven band of grass across their foreheads. These loads a donkey might have objected to, but strength was the best passport to favour, and they showed the young bucks what they were capable of.

Before the tide came in, canoeloads of squaws and children would paddle out to the mouth of the bay, and scatter over the exposed sand. Standing up would be the necks of immense clams parching for the incoming tide. As soon as touched they would descend out of sight, then busy hands would scoop away with sticks or wooden shovels, boys on their knees eager for sport scraping away with both hands, and throwing up the sand as a dog would with his fore-feet. About two feet down, sometimes more, they would come upon a large,

almost black shell, as big as a breakfast saucer, then up it would come with a great resistance of suction, and the squaws would cut the big mussels with their sharp knives, emptying the contents of the shell into their ever-handy baskets. These were taken back to camp and feasted upon to their hearts' content; the rest being strung on sticks about a yard long, were dried or smoked, as the salmon were, and kept for use as money to be exchanged for furs and other commodities with the inland tribes, who consider them a great delicacy.

They gathered fish spawn from the little brooks and streams running into the river. This they preserved on sticks and leaves as they did the clams, and for the same purpose.

Meanwhile they ate to repletion of all these things, and the smell of fish and smoke emanated from their persons and their clothing till the more timid black bears could resist the temptation no longer, and came down from their mountain fastnesses to feast too.

They paid dearly for their temerity, for many were the skins this tribe secured.

Bee-lee's protectress, Hai-dah, smiled approvingly upon him, for had he not proved a mascot to her people. Every field they had so far taken had been left to them alone. Sometimes the hunting and fishing grounds had to be contested at the cost of many braves, and perhaps the whole outfit went into slavery to the captors. But plenty smiled upon them for the coming "snow."



Preparations were being made to go still farther north, and Bee-lee could see no likelihood of his return to civilisation. This scarcely troubled him, for he was growing in stature and in health as he had never done before.

CHAPTER XIX

THE young assistant in the military hospital in the camp, whose wedding we have recorded, was among the Royal Engineers who remained in the country. He set up in the drug trade, and his sign, a big pestle and mortar cut out of tin, half as big as the front of the shop, bore upon its surface the words "Pioneer Drug Store."

It was built upon the south side of Columbia Street, consequently there was some twenty-five feet of space beneath, which was utilised as a stable, for this man had the true Britisher's love for horses, and as the public race-track was directly in front of his establishment, even along the principal street, for the sole reason that it was the only piece of road in the country which could boast of evenness in any degree, why should he not indulge in bucking bronchos and kicking cayuses?

He and his assistant had lots of time, for it was a healthy locality, and but for the high prices charged his profession would scarcely have brought him a living; as it was—well, he had time and money to spare.

At the back of his store, up many steps from

Front Street, lived his family, who generally preferred meandering in and out by way of the store to climbing or descending from the private entrance. Once the children, playing house under the counter, started a fire in a stove they had manufactured from a salve tin, and nearly succeeded in ending the existence of the Pioneer Drug Store.

Other pioneers had their stores, bake-shops, and hotels along this street, and the more sensible of the women resided right there with the business. They might fall out on principle occasionally, just for variety's sake, but they were all agreed upon one subject, and that was voted not only a nuisance, but a general menace to public morality.

Now when this happens in a pioneer town, and the *ladies* complain, they generally expect a quick response. In this instance, however, greed conquered, and the complaint of the ladies was "taken and filed for future reference."

The Chief of Police, being the "whole business" (except for a night-watchman, who went round calling the hours and telling you what kind of a night it was), had a half-interest in the nuisance. Husbands and fathers could see there was no use in appealing to him. They didn't care to report him to Judge Begbie either, as they might have done—it was better not to make an enemy of him.

So they took the law into their own hands in such a manner as to escape its vengeance.

The grievance consisted in a "Squaw Dance-House,"

built a little back from, but still on a level with, Columbia Street. It had its entrances and exits on both streets. Being on a level with Columbia Street, it was naturally many feet above Front Street—quite on stilts, as it were.

As soon as eight or half-past struck, the music of a fiddle or two and the tramp of many feet began. Later on the shouts of drunken men and the screams of squaws in a like condition made night hideous. Each man paid fifty cents for a dance, and had to "stand drinks" at the bar for himself and his dusky partner after each.

A strange miner going in one night, went to one of these "maids of the forest" and intimated his desire for the pleasure of a dance with her. She eyed him with scorn and remarked, "Halo introduce." Accordingly he had to hunt up some one who would do him the favour. "Allow me to introduce 'Supple Jack' to the lovely Kitty Bunches," was quite sufficient, and the fair creature would lounge in the arms of 'Supple Jack' for as many dances as he chose, and all the drinks he pleased to pay for.

Now this embryo town of shacks must perforce have a "Fire Brigade." This was composed of all the principal men in town, it being considered quite an honour to be allowed to join.

They called themselves "Hyacks," from a Chinook word meaning "quick" or "hurry." They possessed a real fire engine, with hose-cart and ladder. The engine had long bars on either side; as many as could

get a hold upon these, when occasion required, or they *practised* for the benefit of the onlookers, pumped for their lives.

They had a two-story "Fire Hall" which was ostentatiously labelled "No. 1," and was also situated upon Columbia Street, as everything which aspired to importance was expected to be. This Hall had a room above, measuring perhaps twenty by thirty, and here the hottest politics were discussed. They made resolutions, seconded them, moved amendments, carried them, or "snowed" them under, as the case might be. Some men's resolutions had to be sat down upon all the time by common consent. Others always expected theirs to be carried.

From this Hall of Wisdom emanated ultimatums to the "Home Government," and resolutions only the British Houses of Parliament might annul.

A fire-bell hung here too; certainly it had fallen from the turret of the little wooden church when it was burned down, and had got cracked; but what of that? All the more discordant were the sounds it gave out when the clapper was pulled from side to side by two ropes attached to it, in quick and flurried strokes. There was quite an art in ringing this bell—young men prided themselves upon their proficiency in it.

Nevertheless, when this fell sound echoed over the river and along the wooden streets, every one was up in a jiffy.

The Captain of the Brigade, the Chief Engineer, the Assistant Engineer, hose men according to their

number, the hook and ladder men according to theirs, all put in a prompt appearance, prepared to shine. They gave orders, issued commands, bellowed through a tin trumpet, and got in each other's way generally.

The Sages sat in Star Chamber Caucus one night; as usual the "nuisance" was the general topic. Whilst the riot of the Dance-House disturbed the repose of propriety, a white-haired miner rose and uttered two sentences, "Ring the fire-bell, and drown them out!"

"A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse." They nodded to each other. The Fire Captain said significantly, "At one o'clock." They nodded again, and went in a bundle to "take a drink upon it," highly delighted with this Solomon-like solution of the knotty question.

A few minutes before one o'clock a few men might be seen standing around with such studied carelessness, any one with half an eye might have seen they meant mischief, and a City policeman would have challenged them forthwith. But the Chief of himself never spied them; if he had it would have been all the same, for were they not some of the little city's best men?

No; the conscientious guardian of the peace was busy at that moment counting his share of the nightly receipts, which were more than good, the place was simply coining money, for a number of strange miners were in town, hastening to throw away their hardly earned gold.

The young men of the place never frequented the Squaw Dance-House—it meant social ostracism to be seen there.

The fun waxed fast and furious. Bad whiskey flowed like water at a price unobtainable in any other way for the best Scotch or Irish.

The Chief of Police sat with the proprietor and took a snug toddy from a bottle of their own. No bar stuff for them!

Suddenly above the revel struck the sound of the fire-bell. The proprietor hurried into the Dance-House, and warned the fiddlers to keep on and make as much racket as they could. He was comfortably convinced his establishment was safe; but if his crowd rushed out to the fire, why his further gains for that night went with them. So the fiddlers fiddled, and the dancers stamped and shouted.

The Hyacks turned out in great force. There was a camp of Indians in the Swamp at the lower end of town from whence these squaws were drawn. Their desire for strong drink had made them forgetful of the old-time tribal laws of morality, which still obtained in the north. These Indians knew the sound of the fire-bell, they also knew that at such times beer was brought in bucketfuls, and that if they worked on the pumps of the hand engine they would come in for a share.

Men, hatless and coatless, ran from all directions. Neither engine nor hose-cart was fitted to be drawn by horses. A long, thick rope was attached to the centre of each, men and boys rushed, took this over their shoulders and waited the word to start.

"Where's the fire?" they shouted.

The Dance-House!" yelled the Captain through his trumpet. Away they went with a whoop! down the declivity to Front Street, barely escaping the river.

Light burned brightly in the doomed Dance-House. Quickly the hose was dipped in the Fraser, excited men raced up the steps which led from Front Street to the back of the Hall. The hand engine was pumping furiously.

The "nozzle men" were in the secret; they directed their instrument against one window, then the other. Old Father Fraser had no stint of ice-cold water, and when the chilly stream struck the half-demented dancers, it mowed them down in heaps.

The workers below pumped till the perspiration poured down like rain from white men and red alike.

Buckets of beer were brought, and you would see the Indians holding on to the brakes with one hand, and reaching out behind with the other for a dipper of beer.

"Pump away, boys!" yelled the Captain through his trumpet from above. The Chief Engineer urged them from below. Nothing loth they pumped, and did it with such a will that the drenched dancers crept out by way of Columbia Street, wondering what was the matter. They pumped until the Dance-House and bar were a total wreck.

Whilst all this was going on the practical joker was at work. Procuring brandy, he emptied a whole bottle of it into each bucket of beer.

Soon the "high-toned" official was swearing eternal friendship with the half-naked savage, who, with red eyes, cared nothing for friendship; it was drink he wanted, and he took all he could get. Staid fathers of families were throwing their hats in the air and executing plantation dances.

Indians and white men rolled from the brakes underneath the engine which had done such good work, in happy ignorance of the proprieties for which some of them were such sticklers. Others had linked arms with Indians, half-breeds, friends or foes, and went marching up and down singing, "We won't go home till morning!" at the top of their voices.

A prominent Roman Catholic stood tall and lank upon a dry goods box and harangued the crowd, ending every sentence with, "Will the Canayjens build the raylrod? Naw! jabers naw!!"

He was answered from another eminence by Dutch Bill, a rabid Orangeman, who asked his opponent impertinent questions about the time Tommy Winch expected to spend in Purgatory; whilst their friends stood between the belligerents to interfere if they attempted to fight for their opinions. But they both got down quite satisfied with their own efforts at oratory and the applause they had received, and to the astonishment of all cordially shook hands over it. Dawn looked out on pandemonium let loose.

CHAPTER XX

KWAW-KEWLTH, the Indian whom we have seen fire the funeral pyre of his squaw and her lover, was not a full-blooded member of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you's tribe. His father had been a fugitive from the cruel Blackfeet nation, who had taken to himself a squaw of this tribe. After several years' absence she had returned and reported that her "man's" people had captured, tortured, and killed him, taking with them as slaves the two elder boys of her family. She had been absent at the time of his capture, with this papoose slung in his basket on her back, and they had thus escaped. As according to Indian law the children belong to the tribe of their mother, she had returned with him. She was not unkindly treated, for she had relatives who took her and the child in, but it was noticed as years went by that whoever incurred the enmity of Bil-bil was sure to die, sometimes slowly, sometimes by quick and terrible agonies. Finally an epidemic of small-pox broke out among them which threatened to decimate the whole tribe. Their treatment of this fell disease was somewhat unique.

When the spots were becoming red upon one of the

braves and the fever was high, he had jumped into the water, which all along this coast, whether of sea, gulf, river, or stream, is intensely cold, being fed from glaciers or snow-capped mountains, and chilled by floating ice-bergs. The spots of course disappeared, and the Indians came to the conclusion that this man had conquered the evil spirit by which he had been attacked ; for, although he died, no more small-pox showed itself upon him. Consequently this became the favourite treatment, and when the sufferers were too weak to take it of their own volition, their friends would do the favour for them. Many of the latter, as may be supposed, never came to the surface again.

When those who were old, or had no near relatives who cared for them were stricken, they were carried out into the forest, and there left to die, that the tribe might be spared the trouble of burying them.

Now, as all diseases are the work of some evil spirit, suspicion pointed to Bil-bil. She was accused of having given them over into its power, and something must be done to abate the evil. So they took the poor old squaw, and by the instructions of their Medicine Man, whose incantations had proved of no avail, bound her to a tree, and shot poisoned arrows into her till she bristled like a porcupine. Then, fearful that she might die with too little suffering, they lighted under her a slow fire, and as her cries of agony rent the air, they felt a kind of religious satisfaction in the deed which should free the tribe alike of visible and invisible evil.

Young Kwaw-kewlth saw all this from a distance,

and although he had no affection for the mother who could no longer work, it had its effect upon the hard and cruel nature which he had inherited from the tribe of his father, whose characteristics were very pronounced in the lad.

As may be surmised, he was scarcely a favourite, but his courage and agility soon won him distinction even against men's will, and the right had to be accorded him of setting up his own lodge. He presented the parents of the klootchman he chose with many presents of skins, moose and deer meat, fish and seal, and he provided a great feast at his nuptials from the product of his own hunting and fishing. But the girl evinced her reluctance to him, and any love he might have felt gave way to the savage satisfaction of mere possession. He knew that when he was away upon his hunting and fishing expeditions his squaw, instead of abiding in his illehee sought that of her people, and when he had arrived, as he always did, unexpectedly, no fire was upon his own hearth, and he had to seek her in the illehee of her father, whither much of his hard-earned spoils had to be carried, for the man was consumptive, and little inclined to brave the elements on behalf of his family. Naturally, when he had to draw from the store of the common-wealth, the choicest parts were not for him.

But Kwaw-kewlth possessed himself in patience, for an event was toward, and if his position in the tribe was strengthened by the accession of a son, he might yet attain his ambition, which was nothing

less than to become the Medicine Man of the tribe, and second to none but the Chief himself, who had no son to follow him—but he had a daughter, Hai-dah. If Kwaw-kewlth could attain a high degree, that is, if he could accomplish more of suffering than any of his predecessors—and traditions of these men and what they had endured went far back into the myths of the past—he would be entitled to more than one squaw, and his aspiration for the hand of Hai-dah would be within his acquired privileges. This much accomplished, the Chieftainship could follow whenever occasion or desire suited, for he possessed the knowledge his mother had brought back with her of the subtle poison, but he had also the cunning to cover his tracks whenever an appeal had been made by him to its potent assistance.

The expected child arrived—a son. So far so good. But Hai-dah was growing, was of a marriageable age in fact, and he must hasten his preparations, for a white hunter had appeared among them. He was taller than the men of the tribe, his hair was very red, his face spotted with freckles. He possessed better fire-arms than they had, was strong and active, never missed his mark when he fired, and, more than this, he sang in a big, deep voice, which charmed his hearers, and all the tribe were at his feet. It must be now or never, Kwaw-kewlth told himself.

He went alone into the mountains, and for many days he ate the raw flesh of the wolf and drank its blood, to fortify himself for the ordeal he intended

to undergo. Then he appeared, red-eyed, before Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, and asked and obtained permission to be made a Medicine Man.

This meant a great time of excitement for the whole tribe. Their own Medicine Man, who was growing old, invited those of the friendly tribes to come and assist in the initiation. All the braves from far and near assembled for the feasting and dancing which would follow, as well as to witness the endurance of the aspirant for medical and tribal honours; for if Kwaw-kewlth flinched not, his would be the voice in the war-wars (councils) of the Chief which must be heard, to him they would have to defer as to any expedition of pleasure, profit, or vengeance. He would be both soothsayer and prophet.

The first principle in the inauguration rites would be the "conquest of himself," which must be accomplished by fasting alone and unarmed in the forest. This would at the same time show his power over the land, the trees, and the beasts which roamed wild in its wooded glades.

All the tribe and their visitors assembled to see him leave by a special trail, by which, after his ordeal of fasting, he must return.

There he remained for seven days and nights, starving himself into subjugation to himself. For the first two or three days the whole ranch-a-rie went about their several occupations much as usual. After that, if a squaw or a boy had to go out on an errand, they kept a sharp look-out up the trail by which Kwaw-

kewlth might be expected to return at any moment. The reason for this was that it was necessary for the brave to seize whatever living thing he met, upon his entrance to the ranch-a-rie, tear it in pieces with his naked hands, and devour it, blood and all. It mattered not if it were man, woman, child, dog, or other animal. Should he meet a man whose strength proved greater than his own, and be conquered, there was nothing left for him but utter and dire disgrace.

When upon the seventh day, mad with hunger, his naked body torn and bleeding, he burst like a maniac from the trail, he almost stumbled over a toddling papoose, who had escaped from his mother, all oblivious of danger. Why should he fear? was not this man his father?

Seizing the frightened mite by the heels, he raised it in mid-air, rent it in twain, and devoured parts of it ravenously, the mother, meanwhile, loudly bewailing the carelessness which had made her lose sight of it for a moment, knowing full well that she would suffer for it later.

No signs of astonishment or horror were shown, but Kwaw-kewlth having thus refreshed himself, he was led by the Chiefs and Medicine Men into the community house, where the beating of tom-toms, the rattle of the sticks upon the cedar board, and the monotonous chant were kept up during the whole night, only ceasing when the ordeal of fire was applied to Kwaw-kewlth; then silence profound reigned, so

that a sigh or a groan could have been heard by the assembled multitude. But he never flinched, and they could but admire the iron nerve of the man, and his stolid endurance. He had overcome "fire."

When morning broke the whole tribe gathered by the riverside, and Kwaw-kewlth, in a transport of fanatical zeal, came forth, rushed into the water and remained below almost two minutes in its icy embrace. They began to look questioningly at each other. Would he ever come up? Yes, there appeared his face above the water. Chiefs and Medicine Men were in canoes to witness his performance and pass judgment upon his "power over the water." They looked at him; he was perfectly conscious when he came up. He had conquered the waters—that was well.

Kwaw-kewlth was drawn to shore, set on high, feasted and fêted. From henceforth he was the greatest Medicine Man of the nation, for none had outdone him in the power of suffering, from henceforth they must look to him for immunity from the spirits of evil, whether in the form of sickness, famine, destruction, or death.

Yet in his very hour of triumph bitterness filled his soul, love had given way to ambition, and his firstborn, who could so have strengthened his hand, had fallen a victim to himself. All the great dances of the tribe were gone through, all their mummeries were performed; presents were showered upon him; but where was the prattler who should have welcomed him

in his lodge, the being who was part of himself? There were plenty of squaws he could beat into submission, but would such another boy be his? He scowled in the impotence of his rage, and the assembled people thought the more of him that he sat with folded arms and watchful eyes, taking heed of all that passed, but standing aloof from the frivolities or the excitements of those around him.

He openly proposed for the hand of Hai-dah—a son by her would more than fill the place of the other, he told himself—but he was not at peace within. Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, replied, after a fitting pause, that she was already betrothed to Sandy, the white hunter with the hair of gold and the spotted face.

Enraged and disappointed in what should have been his "moment of success," he retired to the lodge, where his cowering squaw awaited him; and no one was surprised to hear blows, screams, and groans proceed from it, or to find a few days later that she was dead.

The good Chief Wa-huks-gum-ala-you remembered these things, but he dared show no regret, or the braves would have accused him of the unpardonable sin of growing old, and the scarcely less heinous one of "having the heart of a squaw."

Kwaw-kewlth was well aware that Wa-huks-gum-ala-you approved of him but little, and had the Chief been less ably backed than he was by Sandy, he would have fallen a victim to the illicit knowledge of the Medicine Man. As it was, Kwaw-kewlth possessed himself in



silence and bided his time. He had taken to himself more than one squaw from the best of the tribe, but no child-voices broke the stillness of illehee in winter, or lodge in summer. We have seen the end of one at the stake.

CHAPTER XXI

CHUCK-CHUCK loved Bee-lee better than he loved himself. His father and brothers had died in a struggle with a hostile tribe. His mother, with the usual brutality or indifference of these people towards the weak, had been simply worked to death, leaving him a helpless child, who grew deformed, whether from ill-treatment or naturally he never knew.

Now, the fair-haired Bee-lee loved him, and the regard Chuck-chuck felt for him was more adoration than ordinary love.

Bee-lee had taught him to read the English in his precious books; in fact, he knew every word by heart; his memory was simply wonderful.

This was all very well for Hai-dah to know. Likewise Wa-huks-gum-ala-you smiled at it. He was inclined to be more lenient than some of his braves approved of, and what pleased Hai-dah suited him.

But Kwaw-kewlth, who had no mercy for himself or others, hated the lad. When he had applied the torch to the funeral pyre of his last squaw, and she had died with a laugh on her lips, he had come nearer loving her,

in his own fierce way, than he had with any living creature since the child who had been sacrificed to his ambition.

It had never occurred to Hai-dah that the taking off her " man " Sandy and her son had been by the agency of this man ; but so it was. He could use the fatal secret in small quantities and at long intervals, when its effects, like consumption, gradually sapped the vital energies, or in larger doses, when it doubled up its victim in cramp-like pains.

Chuck-chuck often wandered away with Bee-lee, and in some sheltered nook they would build a fire and pursue their studies. They would carry back to the ranch-a-rie bunches of gumstick or baskets of delicious honey taken from the hollow stump of some old tree. These things Chuck-chuck seemed to know how to find by instinct. Had they needed an excuse this would have been sufficient to account for their absence, but Hai-dah never allowed any special task to be required of Bee-lee.

Kwaw-kewlth was not satisfied ; he was always on the watch for some charge against the lads. He followed them in his stealthy way, and heard them reciting to the hoary trees with their festoons of hanging moss, or singing to the grand forest. Sometimes he would manage to have an unsuspecting member of the tribe with him, when he would shake his head ominously at the scene before him, but make no remark. He intended to work all this up against them as evidence of witchcraft, and they, all unwittingly, were lending themselves to his scheme.

One of the superstitions of these people, and they have many, is this. If you have a grudge against another, you secure a piece of the clothing he or she wears, better still a few hairs or even a scrap of finger-nail. Then you dig up the thigh-bone of man, or woman, according to the sex of your enemy. In this you make a crack sufficiently large to hold whatever of theirs you have obtained. Then you bind it up with thongs of deer-hide, and seal all securely with spruce gum. You then prepare this bone for burial as you would the person you wish to injure, holding over it certain ceremonies, charms, and incantations.

Should you desire your enemy to die the lingering death of consumption—a disease particularly dreaded by the Indians—you merely leave it, and as the article contained in the bone slowly decays, the life of your enemy will as gradually fade away.

But if a speedy death be what you prefer, you bury the bone only a little way beneath the surface, and build over it a fire. The more quickly you wish your enemy to die the fiercer you make the fire, when it is believed the person represented will suffer all the agonies of burning, and his or her life die out as the last fragment of the bone and its contents crumble to ashes.

Seeing Chuck-chuck and Bee-lee with a fire in the woods, and hearing them recite in the white man's language, he came to the conclusion that this was the purport of their going, and that Chuck-chuck would find out more potent incantations and stronger charms than his own.

This meant the utter annihilation of his ambitions. He could calmly fire the funeral pyre of his young squaw, only regretting that more torture could not be applied because, forsooth, Wa-huks-gum-ala-you had the heart of a squaw. That had been a small thing. There were plenty of squaws he could beat into submission, and He-he, the fair half-breed betrothed by her mother to Bee-lee, was one of them. This magic power of his was possessed by no other in the tribe, and he would hold it at any cost. He might even have to wait till Wa-huks-gum-ala-you's death, for all the people loved him, and it would be worse than useless to stand out against the Chief alone. So he waited with the patience of his race.

Wa-huks-gum-ala-you was fully aware of Kwaw-kewlth's treachery, and had he passed sentence upon him would have saved the tribe much trouble. Several times he had remarked to his daughter, "Kwaw-kewlth is a lynx, he creeps along on his belly, his eyes are sharp, his ears are keen; we must watch him. He means no good to Bee-lee and Chuck-chuck, he is afraid they know too much for him."

But Hai-dah cared not for the Medicine Man. Was not her father the Chief? Neither did she scruple to show her dislike whenever he ventured near. For she suspected him still of aspiring to the honour of her hand! He! an Indian, when her husband had been a white man with yellow hair! She would stay in the lodge with her father, and for many years be head of the tribe with him. Did she not know somewhat of the

white man's language? It sounded different in many respects to Bee-lee's, for he would say, "I don't know!" whereas her man Sandy would have said, "A dinna ken!" Likely Bee-lee was only a boy yet, and his speech would improve. Still she was satisfied with Bee-lee, and loved him in her own way.

Passing still north, they stopped at an Indian village, where they were received with every mark of friendliness. When they went on shore a great community house built of logs was put at their disposal.

The Chief and Hai-dah went to the lodge of Moos-toos, where Bee-lee was a curiosity, and Hai-dah was proud of the impression he made. Chuck-chuck and he sang as they sat around the camp fires, and all was contentment and peace, notwithstanding Kwaw-kewlth whispered his fear that there might be a charm or a curse in the white men's words which they were unable to understand. He also said he had seen them bury the bone at their last stopping-place, and hinted darkly that he knew to whom the buried hair belonged, and that the charm had already begun to work. It was easy to see that Tenase Fox had a bad cough, and an experienced eye could safely prophesy that the first touch of cold would be all that the young man would know of the coming winter. They appeared to take no notice of his words, but he was satisfied that they had so much as listened to him. Thus he prepared his ground, knowing full well that later the seed would grow.

A great tribal game was got up in their honour. The young men of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, and the

young men of Moos-toos were seated in lines facing each other, man for man. Before each line was placed a board of split cedar, raised several inches above the ground. They held a stick in each hand. At either end of the line were lads with tom-toms, which are made from green hide stretched over sticks of vine maple bent into a circle and secured by thongs. These were beaten with sticks something like our drumsticks, only bigger.

Those sitting around sang a monotonous refrain, keeping time on the cedar boards with their sticks, the tom-toms adding volume to the sound.

Then Wa-huks-gum-ala-you came forward and laid a musket in the space between the cedar boards. Moos-toos, who was a young man and the husband of one of Hai-dah's daughters, laid down two muskets. Grey Wolf * added the skin of a black bear. Moos-toos brought seal-skins. Then Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, amidst general admiration, laid down the skin of the grizzly, telling in impassioned words its history of death and daring.

Nothing more was considered necessary, and the game of guessing began. The visitors were given the first chance.

Twenty sticks were stuck in the ground. Two pieces of ivory, about three inches long, one all white, the other white with black rings upon it, were given to Wa-huks-gum-ala-you's men. A chosen buck manipulated them, passing them under a blanket which was

* Wa-huks-gum-ala-you.

upon his knees, behind his back, over his head, and so on, changing them round. The sticks and the tom-toms of their own side kept time to the refrain they were chanting. The opposite side sat silent and still, watching the passing of the guessing sticks. Then the man holding the sticks would stop, and, amidst a solemn silence, some one of Moos-toos' bucks would guess in which hand was the ringed stick of ivory.

If he was right the sticks were thrown over to him. One of the twenty counting sticks was placed to the credit of the winners, and their side did the manipulation of the ivories, the chanting, and tapping. If they failed to guess correctly, then the young men of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you had made a count to their credit, and were entitled to another guess.

So they would continue till all the sticks had been passed to the credit of one side. Of course they would be won back and forth many times, the game sometimes continuing for weeks, and the excitement running high. The goods and winter supplies of whole villages would thus be gambled away.

The game never stops when once it has started until it is won. Relays of bucks take the places of those tired out. Two days and nights this game lasted, and then Wa-huks-gum-ala-you's bucks held the twenty sticks, and all the articles lying between the lines were passed over to them.

It was noticeable that most of the successful guessing had been done by Kwaw-kewlth, neither had he eaten or slept during the game. They finished up



with a dance, when none danced longer or shouted louder than he. This, he knew, gave him a strong hold on the younger bucks, and whatever he said now was listened to, if not with favour, at least with respect.

The prows of the heavily laden canoes were now turned across the gulf, and they made for their winter quarters and the rest of the tribe.

CHAPTER XXII

MARTHE ANN, in close consultation with her special school friend Lena Hopkins, was declaring, "Yes, I *will* go with you to spend the week's holiday we're to have while the Sisters go to the Indian celebration at the Mission. I don't care *what* mummer says. Popper 'll be away on the boat, and I'll jest keep on talkin' and talkin' *and* talkin', till she'll put up her hands and say, 'There, there! Marthe Ann, don't say another word; you'll drive me crazy! You can go if your father doesn't object,'" and she mimicked her mother's precise style of talking, the tone of voice, and the gestures.

"Marthe Ann!" said a Sister, who had entered softly, unseen of the girls, "how many times am I to remind you of your g's?"

"Yes, Sister Mary Beatrice, 'Gee up and gee whoa.' I want to go to Lena's for the holiday, instead of up and down the river with popper. I'm real sick of the steamboat."

"You know I don't approve of it either. The steamboat is no place for a girl; you rove up and down the river too much."

"I'll tell mummer what you say, Sister, and then she'll be sure and let me go with Lena."

"No, don't; I'll go over myself and try to get her consent."

"You always were a dear, good Sister!" asserted Marthe Ann, as she gave her a bear's hug, which somewhat disarranged the black veil which hung away from the white bands across her forehead, and over the clean, starched cap. The Sister smiled as she readjusted her garments, and Marthe Ann waltzed out of the room in high glee.

Lena's mother was the widow of one of the first settlers. She lived on a ranch some twelve miles from town. Now Lena knew her time at school would be but short, for though the vegetables, milk, and butter from the ranch were eagerly bought up, and the profits were good, there were younger sisters to get a turn, and brothers to be assisted in taking up their "claims," beside the wages of a hired man; so she worked with a vim, perfectly hungry for knowledge.

She was as great a contrast to Marthe Ann in this as she was personally, for Marthe Ann seemed to try and see how little she could possibly manage to get into her head.

Lena was frail-looking, with great dark, nervous eyes, whilst Marthe Ann was tall and strong, with auburn hair and grey-blue eyes, which were always looking for fun, and leading their owner into mischief.

Of course Mrs. Leighton had to give her consent to the visit or there would have been no peace, for

Marthe Ann possessed the power of attrition in no small degree.

Monday morning found the two girls on Front Street with a wood waggon, which they had loaded with groceries, and so on. It was the only kind of wheeled carriage to be obtained, and had brought in a load of potatoes from Mrs. Hopkins, which had been exchanged for groceries.

Lena had a married sister in town, so for Mrs. Trent the waggon was sent, while the girls waited somewhat impatiently, for the up-country boat had already turned the bend in the river, and Marthe Ann knew that if her father landed before she got started there would be no visit to the ranch for her.

As they waited, an old farm-hand of Mrs. Hopkins's rowed up to the river front with a crate of little pigs for the butcher. Lena had always been a favourite of his, and as she particularly admired one of the litter, a pert little fellow, spotted all over, the man exclaimed, "You shall have him, Lena!"

Suiting the action to the word, he handed Mr. Spotty out, squealing lustily. The waggon came up with Mrs. Trent and her baby; the girls jumped in. The man got a flour-sack from the grocer, and put in the restless pig, but no string was to be had to tie it up, and the steamboat, with Marthe Ann's father at the wheel, was getting very near the wharf; so he put the pig in by the girls' feet, lifted a Siwash boy, who was standing near taking in the performance, seated him on the mouth of the sack, and the equipage drove off.

They had a keg of ale to take in farther on, and here they expected to get a rope to tie piggie in. As soon as they stopped for the keg of ale the Siwash boy jumped down and ran away—he evidently thought they intended to kidnap him—so out came piggie, delighted to regain his liberty. He galloped and grunted and bolted here and there, with spasmodic efforts that threatened to outlast the patience and breath of his pursuers.

At last he ran into a restaurant kitchen and began rooting amongst a pile of plates on the floor. Here he was captured, and this time tied in his bag, and the waggon with its load moved on.

The Captain had been too busy landing his boat to notice the "confloption," as Marthe Ann called it, on the shore, and only looked down from his glass house over the wheel in time to see the driver whipping up his horses and disappearing round a corner.

The Captain spied Marthe Ann, who kissed her hand and waved her hat at him, but the driver, who had received his instructions, played deaf to the Captain's orders to stop, and away they lumbered merrily.

As the Captain entered his house his first words were, "Say, old woman, that Marthe Ann's a 'crowdin' out a hog and a barrel o' beer from Hopkins's wood waggon, and I guess that driver 'll have enough to do to steer clear of the mud-holes and stumps as far as the ranch."

So he had; for the road had only been "brushed" out, that is, the big trees had been cut and enough of

the stumps grubbed out to allow of a waggon passing in and out along it. The brush had only been cut, and, of course, grew up again directly, leaving only the wheel-ruts and the horse-tracks clear.

Several roughly constructed bridges over ravines or streams had to be crossed, with approaches of corduroy, that is, logs cut of about equal thickness and laid across the road, close together, and held in place by pegs of wood driven through them, or only by other logs laid upon the ends on either side, sometimes fastened down, sometimes not. If any of these slip apart, and the hoofs of the horses go through, it is easy to see what will follow. Horses seem to have unpleasant memories of this kind of road, and will tread very gingerly, planting each foot firmly on top of a log. Others, again, will refuse to cross at all, when the driver has to get down, put his coat over their eyes, and lead them across. Many horses get their legs broken on roads of this kind, and they are fully aware of the risk they run.

In the best parts of the road the trees met overhead, and the brush growing up between the two-horse tracks rustled on pole, axles, and whipple-tree as the waggon passed along.

"Look out!" shouted the driver, and the next instant one front wheel was over its hub in a mud-hole, and the horses were plunging. He had been talking to Mrs. Trent, and not watching his road as he should.

Mrs. Trent screamed, and catching hold of the

waggon, let go her baby, which slid down between the horses and the waggon, lodging in the mud.

Both girls jumped instantly, and the driver was at his horses' heads in one leap. Lena bounded under the waggon, seized the long white skirt of the baby and drew it out at the back. Then they breathed once more, for baby was none the worse, except for mud.

"What is that? Piggie out again!" exclaimed Mrs. Trent. Yes, and there were Marthe Ann's long legs striding over brush and log in pursuit. Presently there was a squeal and then a smothered grunting. Marthe Ann had fallen over brush and pig, and lay there, with him securely under her, till the driver, who had drawn his horses beyond the mud-hole, came up and carried him back to his sack, where he was too securely tied to escape again.

The ranch itself lay nearly a mile from the road, in the forest primeval, and to it only a trail for horses had been cut. So when they reached the spreading cedar, where the driver sheltered his waggon, they perforce alighted.

Here they loaded the stuff upon the two horses, the driver went off with one, Lena led the other, Mrs. Trent came next with her poor muddy baby, and Marthe Ann brought up the rear with piggie squealing and scuffling in his sack. Lena said she didn't know which made most noise, piggie or Marthe Ann, who was in danger of letting him go, she laughed so at the comic procession ahead of her and the obstreperous pig she carried.

They now came where they thought they could make Trent's logging camp people hear them, so they set up a great yelling. Presently Mr. Trent emerged from the bush near by, where he had evidently been in waiting. But to tease them he declared he had not hurried himself, for he had taken them for a band of Siwashes by the noise they made.

Mrs. Trent was highly indignant, and declared her intention of at once returning to town, and taking the baby with her, if that was all he thought of them.

This called his attention to the bedraggled condition of his son and heir, and he rated the driver roundly for his carelessness.

As you emerged from the thick green timber you found yourself looking down upon a clearing, literally chopped out of the solid forest. The blackened stumps were left, and between these were cultivated corn, beans, potatoes, cabbages and other garden stuff. A zigzag fence encircled three sides of the cultivated portion, the fourth needed no fence, for a stream clear as crystal rippled by, and over this the party crossed by means of two large trees which had been cut in clearing so as to fall across the stream and form a bridge. They had been rolled close together, but as they were of a different thickness and had no central supports, they swayed considerably as you crossed, making a very uncertain footing. All around was the dense forest.

Mr. Trent carried over the precious baby, but Marthe Ann hung on to her pigling, determined to deliver it to Mrs. Hopkins only, who was highly delighted with her

present, and started to talk as if it was a great relief to wag her tongue. Nor did she stop to inquire if any one noticed what she was saying, or to answer what was said to her; the stored-up commodity which had been accumulating for months poured forth in a resistless stream.

The house was a long, low building made of hand-hewn logs and covered with "shakes," which are made from cedar logs sawn in four-foot lengths and split to any thickness you require. The house proper consisted of three rooms, a good-sized one in the centre which was dining-room, parlour, and general sitting-room; small rooms at each end of this were used as bedrooms, whilst a long lean-to at the back made from these same useful shakes formed a convenient kitchen.

The hired man and the boys had a room in the barn, which with all the outhouses was made also of shakes.

The parlour, for everyday use, was innocent of carpet, but to-day, upon the bringing home of her first grandchild, Mrs. Hopkins had laid the carpet. A tiny organ stood in one corner, upon it lay a violin.

There was neither plaster nor wall-paper in those days, so the walls of the parlour had been covered with gaily printed cotton neatly tacked over the logs, and very cosy it looked, its homeliness enhanced by the pretty brackets and little shelves Lena had learned to make at the Convent.

The hired man was a fairly well-educated young Englishman, and he sat down with the rest to a good

supper of boiled leg of pork, potatoes and cabbage, with a dessert of apple-pie and coffee. Every one's appetite was keen, and their digestions were good, so harmony reigned, and Mrs. Hopkins had the talking all to herself for a while.

After supper the cattle were disposed of for the night, that is, the cows were milked and turned outside the enclosure, to feed or wander till morning as they felt like doing. The calves had to be housed or the cougars would get them, and the pigs were likewise secured from the depredations of the black bears, who could never resist the temptation of a pig for supper if once they heard the music of its voice.

All being secure for the night, the hired man took up the violin, Lena sat down to the organ, a younger sister made music on a comb, a brother beat time on a tin dish pan, whilst Marthe Ann and an older brother of Lena's started to foot a Scotch reel.

The young man's apparel was only held up by one button back and one front. Of course Marthe Ann noticed this, and laughed to see him occasionally remembering it too, and carefully holding his garments for fear of accident. She didn't know the steps, but Al did, so she watched him and followed whatever he did, varying her programme slightly by sometimes daintily raising one side of her dress and then the other, as she had seen represented in pictures.

They were dancing, twisting, turning, shouting, and snapping their fingers, to the delight of the audience, the musicians were sawing, blowing, banging, grinding away,





A POINT ON THE COQUITLAM RIVER AT LOW WATER.

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when Marthe Ann tripped over the carpet, which had been rolled away, for economy's sake, under the table. She was unable to recover her balance, and over went the table, carrying with it the one lamp the establishment afforded.

Amidst much laughter and fun they lighted candles and went to bed. The kyote,* the wild cats, and the cougars cried in the forest, a black bear, more daring than usual, walked round a pig-pen; but they heeded none of these things, the sleep of health was theirs. The tribe of Coquitlam Indians were within half a mile of them, but the widow and her goods were never molested.

Next morning Marthe Ann, who had slept with Mrs. Hopkins, heard that lady moving long before daylight, so, nothing loth, she moved too. They called the man and boys, got breakfast, and then, at the first peep of dawn, set out through the wet underbrush with a couple of tin buckets.

They clambered over and under logs, till at last Mrs. Hopkins stopped to listen. They heard a little buzzing; Mrs. Hopkins went behind a stump, then, beckoning mysteriously to Marthe Ann, proceeded to chip out a few pieces of wood. It proved to be the mere shell of a tree-trunk, lying prone. She took one of the buckets, held it under the cut, and it was soon full of honey.

"I thought so," she whispered. "I've been stargazing up after the honey, and here it is right down here; I

* Wild dog.

knew all these bees didn't stop around here for nothing. Old Wicks—there's his cabin," she continued, in a loud whisper, pointing across the stream, "said he'd sell me a honey-tree for five dollars. I guess he would, on my own land, too. This is one on you, old fellow! Guess I'll sell you honey, and other people too!"

They returned, wet to the waist, but happy, with a bucket of honey apiece. Ten dollars did the good woman make out of her find, beside a plentiful supply for home consumption. Right heartily they ate of griddle-cakes and honey, and the ranch was paradise to Marthe Ann.

Marthe Ann's father was never happy if she was long out of his sight. So when his boat returned from her next trip he could stand it no longer. He borrowed the butcher's cart and sent a neighbour's lad out to fetch her home. If the little stream which meandered through the ranch had been big enough to take his boat, doubtless he would have steamed after her himself.

Arrived at the ranch, the youth unhitched his horse and prepared for a long day's fishing, for the Coquitlam river offered such sport as, even then, was hard to equal. Fortifying himself with a good dinner he set out. But the stream is clear, and as you gaze into its treacherous depths you have little idea of its volume, deceptively rippling, sparkling and gurgling as it goes. Many is the unwary swimmer it has borne to its icy bottom and left entangled in the jams of logs and brush which accumulate only to be washed into the

Fraser when a sudden freshet swells its waters. Six or seven miles up the mountainside it takes its rise in a glacier-fed lake of the same name, where the Coquitlam tribe of Indians hunt the bear and the mountain goat. In the same mountains these Indians find a bear which they say is hi - - - yu salix (very very angry). It is a cross between the grizzly and the cinnamon, and very dangerous. Some of these Coquitlams have been scratched and torn almost beyond recognition by them —you would wonder how a human being could recover, and be such a mass of scars. Many, of course, were killed by them, but they take these things as they do anything else that befalls, and make little outcry. Chief Greg-waw was at this time over the tribe.

Supper-time arrived, and still no Charley. Mr. Trent became uneasy. "Come boys," he said to the rest, "no supper for you just now; get some ropes; I'm afraid the idiot has been taking a bath; if he has that is the last of him, poor——" but here he paused, for the youth himself just then put in his appearance. Instantly his tone of concern changed to one of anger. Seizing Charley by the shoulders he shook him vigorously, exclaiming, "You young devil, where have you been all this while, scaring everybody out of their wits? Go and hitch up this minute; never a bite of supper do you get in this house to-night!"

Charley sheepishly showed his long string of trout, but was ordered to harness up "like lightning," and get off home.

Now the difficulties of driving with a one-horse rig

were far greater than with two; as, when the wheels of the latter were in the ordinary ruts, the horse was stumbling over the brush which had grown up in the centre. If, on the other hand, your horse elected, as he generally would, to walk in one of the tracks, then the cart-wheels were wobbling amongst the brush, and you occasionally found yourself brought up short by a stump, for only sufficient of these unwieldy things were taken out by the road contractor for a careful driver to make his way through.

Marthe Ann went very reluctantly, for the night would soon close in, and they had still to walk through the forest to the tree-carthouse.

Fairly on their way, Charley had time to feel scared, so, to keep up his own courage, he related to Marthe Ann all the tales of highway robbery and murder he could think of, not forgetting bears and bad *Injuns*.

Poor Marthe Ann, generally so overflowing with life and spirits, cowered close to Charley, watching the white flecks of moonlight which filtered through the trees, expecting every moment to hear some one shout "Stand and deliver!" and to feel the cold steel of a pistol at her head whilst she fumbled for her valuables.

Quite a distance out of town a dark figure was seen swinging towards them at a great rate. Charley was for jumping out, hiding in the bush, and letting the horse and cart go on alone. But Marthe Ann had by this time got a glint of the figure as it passed a patch of light. "I'll do nothing of the kind," she cried. "You're a real coward, Charley!"



"Ah! there you are, Miss," cried a bluff, kindly voice. "I was comen' right out after you!"

"Oh! I knew you would, Popper, but I never was so glad to see you in all my life!" She gave him a hearty hug, which paid for all his trouble, and they jogged merrily home.

CHAPTER XXIII

Wa-huks-gum-ala-you and his party arrived in their own ranch-a-rie, and should have been met by a regular demonstration, but the squaws came down to the beach and received them almost in silence. The braves remained in the lodges. The Chief asked no questions. Young Grizzly, as if feeling the trouble within him, looked from one to the other. Catching the eye of Forest Lily's mother, he seemed to ask a silent question, and received a sad reply.

Wa-huks-gum-ala-you repaired to his own lodge, the braves gathered round him, and without lighting the fire, they all sat down in silence for a while.

Then a squaw came in and made an impassioned speech. She told of the coming of a sloop containing eight white men. They were on their way north to catch seal; they had camped for a few days on the beach, because some of them were sick. They had given water to the Indians which had burned as they drank it, and made them crazy. When they went away they had taken Forest Lily and Blue Bird with them.

These klootchmen (girls) had never touched their wizard water, but had been out with others in the

cranberry marshes gathering berries for the winter supply. They had scorned the vile white men. Each loved a brave of the tribe, and was waiting for him to be able to set up his own lodge.

These men had watched the squaws and the klootchmen go off for berries. Then they had stolen these two, and taken them away with them.

The squaws did not know if the klootchmen had been eaten by the bears that came after the berries, or had fallen into a crevass. They had hunted high and low for them, and as the young men had come in from their different expeditions of hunting or fishing, they had also gone to look. But they found them not, no trace was discovered, no sign of bears having had a struggle with any one.

Still they hoped, for Grey Dove had gone off with another brave, and left her husband. Wa-huks-gum-ala-you had found and punished them, even though they had fled to the illehees of the fat Fish-eaters on the Great River of the South, where the white people dwell now.

Two nights ago they had all heard a great crying, and going out had found Blue Bird sitting by Forest Lily, crying, crying! Forest Lily had taken a boat from the sloop of the white men, and had brought home Blue Bird and herself. She would have done it before, only that she was watched all the time.

They could not now become the squaws of their braves, neither would they live to be a mocking among their tribe.

The white men had beaten Blue Bird and knocked out one of her eyes. She was now under the protection of the Great Spirit, for to him her soul had already gone, although her poor broken body was still in life.

The Forest Lily had been the property of but one man, the Chief, but she was filled with the evil spirit of the white man's sickness, and her soul wished to go to the Great Spirit beyond the Setting Sun. She had brought home Blue Bird for the tribe to care for, and to pray the braves of her people not to have the hearts of old squaws, but to meet these men, who would pass down in a few days with their skins, which were many, and avenge their wrongs. She only waited to hear that they would do this, and then, when the sun set that night she would leap into the waters where they were kissed by his rays and depart.

The squaw waited. The men sat in gloomy silence. At last young Grizzly caught the eye of the Chief, and received permission to speak. Rising, he said—

"Forest Lily was to have been my squaw before the snow flew around us, for I had won my hunting-knife. Now she goes to the Great Spirit. That is right. For me, my name is not now Grizzly for naught. As I tracked my father and brother, and brought away the skin of their slayer, so will I follow these men. If I bring them not here, and if I return not myself, know that I am still on their trail, or have gone to the land beyond the Setting Sun." Then he raised his arm, and swore the solemn oath of revenge in the lodge of his Chief, Wa-huks-gum-ala-you.

The warriors left the lodge in silence, only the Chief and the young man remained.

"You have spoken well, my son, but be very wary. These white men despise us, and have no respect for our women. If you kill these vile dogs of men, and they catch you, they will hang you by the neck. But go and prosper, should you be taken by them and hanged, die like an Indian! Here is a musket. The squaws have dug plenty of lead and silver for bullets. When do you go?"

"After the war-dance to-night!"

As the sun was setting a small canoe pushed out, in it were Forest Lily and her mother; the former standing, the latter paddling. As they reached mid-stream the sun kissed the waters, and a golden path seemed to stretch from the canoe to it. The tribe were gathered in silence. Forest Lily raised her arms above her head, as in the act of diving. There was a plunge, and the sparkling waters closed over her untimely grave.

Young Grizzly had stood with folded arms apart, watching her. Then as she disappeared he turned to the forest, and was seen no more till he joined the others, as they whirled and shouted, beat their tom-toms, sang their battle songs, and gave their war-whoops.

Scarcely recognisable even to their friends were they, for one side of each one's face was painted blue and the other red, with diagonal, horizontal, or perpendicular stripes of white. The thick hair of each was gathered up and

tied by deer-thongs on the crown, where it bristled and waved with every movement of the brave; in it were stuck the quills of the eagle, and dangling down were the tails of wolves. Each wore a wolfskin on his shoulders, some of these being fringed with the tails of the same animal, whilst others were covered with these flapping objects as well as fringed, which made the dancers look evasive and ghost-like in the uncertain light of the fire. Till midnight the hubbub was kept up. Then the braves went each to his lodge, washed off the paint, put away the feathers, and stored the wolf-skins for future use. They were going after white men, and must not make their intention apparent.

Before the dawn broke, three canoeloads of warriors were on their way, with scarce the sound of a paddle, and the traducers of their people were doomed.

The squaws had provided plenty of dried fish and jerked meat for their consumption. Forest Lily had given minute directions as to the course these white men would take, and on this line two canoes always lurked.

They paddled patiently for four days and nights, keeping a certain channel in view, through which the sloop must pass.

Then young Grizzly, who never seemed to sleep, put his ear near the water; raising his hand he pointed to the shore, near the opening of the channel they had watched.

Noiselessly they paddled in. Not far had they to go, or long to wait. The white men were quarrelling amongst



THREE CANOES AFTER THE RENEGADE WHITES.

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themselves, two of them were fighting. So much noise did they make, and so little regard did they pay to a possible surprise, that the Indians had surrounded them, while the white men were all unconscious of the vicinity of an enemy.

Young Grizzly recognised the man described as having been the owner of Forest Lily. The musket of each brave covered his man, the rest stood in readiness in case of a possible misfire: there was no such thing as missing their mark. The cry of a night-hawk rang out on the air; the white men heard but heeded it not. This had been the signal agreed upon. The volley was fired, and each brave's victim lay where he had sat or stood when the cry of Night Hawk had gone forth.

They waited a few minutes, nothing stirred, then they entered the camp and counted the men. There were eight. They felt secure—every one was dead.

Young Grizzly wanted everything of theirs destroyed, but the older braves' counsel prevailed. All the valuable skins were collected, everything cached, the sloop fired and turned into the stream. Then they sent eight fiery arrows into the air, which were immediately answered by those on the look-out from the ranch-a-rie, for they knew their braves had accomplished the work they had undertaken.

After waiting a while at the ranch-a-rie to see if more signals were given to denote that any of their tribe had been killed, and receiving none, they proceeded to telegraph to the victorious braves the news that a party of

friendly Indians had arrived to pay them a visit, and that a grand Pottach was toward. So they took as much of the spoils of the white men with them as they could carry to grace the feast, and make presents to the friendly visitors.

Young Grizzly sat sullenly in the bow of the foremost canoe, grasping in his hand the musket of vengeance. He spoke to none. The sun was setting as they entered their own inlet. Suddenly rising as they crossed the path of light, he stood up, and raising the musket in his two hands, he plunged as Forest Lily had done, and who shall say but that he is in the happy hunting grounds with her beyond the Setting Sun?

CHAPTER XXIV

THE festivities ended, and their visitors gone,* the winter "dugouts" were made ready for occupation. These were holes dug down some ten feet or more into the earth, by the squaws and lads of the tribe. That of the Chief was perhaps forty feet square, the bottom nicely levelled off; a raised bench of earth and rocks had been left around the sides; not perfectly symmetrical, of course, was any of the work. The heavy Fall rains had made pools of those not already enclosed.

In the kequeally-house (underground house) of the Chief, perhaps twenty-five persons would spend the winter, six weeks of which would be overshadowed by the long Arctic night.

These holes were not dug afresh every year; some of them were only re-covered by the skin tents, and no attention whatever was paid to cleanliness, other than that caused by bailing out the water accumulated in those left uncovered too long.

* A Wolf Dance was performed during the stay of the friendly tribe, but as a description of this particular dance is given in "Among the Red, White, Yellow, and Brown People of British Columbia" by the same author, it is omitted here.

But Hai-dah had been the wife of a white trapper who had despised dirt and vermin, and accordingly she saw that the dwelling of her father was thoroughly scraped and cleaned each year when they left it, and before entering for the winter green boughs of the cedar were thickly interlaced on wall and bench before the skins and blankets were hung around, for no vermin will lodge where the smell of the cedar penetrates.

The trunk of an immense tree in which notches have been cut is securely planted near the centre of the floor, smaller saplings meet at the top of it, where they are fastened, the other ends resting on the earth around the hole, thus forming a support for the roof. These are strongly bound together at the apex by means of green roots, thongs and cedar rope, for should this give way the whole roof structure would fall in upon those beneath. On these poles is first placed the skin tent covering, with other skins and blankets, then more green boughs of spruce and cedar, then a covering of moss, all held in place with a little earth, till the snow comes and fills every interstice, keeping everything snug and warm.

Thus an Indian village, or ranch-a-rie, during this season, looks like a succession of mounds, with numerous well-trodden paths leading hither and thither.

The apex we have noted is not covered in ; thus the ends of the poles stand up bare above the dwelling, and from hence escapes the smoke of the fire which is made in a hole some four feet square, and about one foot in depth.

The notched trunk of the tree planted near the centre just out of reach of the fire, forms the means of ingress and egress for all the dwellers of the kequeally.*

The skin- and blanket-covered walls and benches give an air of comfort, as the fire flickers up for general use, or is brightened by pine knots for the gatherings of the braves in the kequeally of the Chief. Not that every one's day and night began and ended at the same time during the six weeks or so of darkness, for each one seemed to sleep or wake, work or eat as nature prompted, the count of day or night not entering into any one's calculation. Still, of course, those whose privilege it was to visit the home of the Chief had to follow the time set by Hai-dah, the time for evening and to gather round the fire being as she ordered, and after the third meal, whenever that might fall.

The general winter supplies were all stored in the community house, and from this stock they all helped themselves. Sufficient for present use was always kept in the kequeally-house to keep thawed out, and it was the general thing for one big stout squaw or another to be cooking something over the ever-present fire during any hour of the day or night.

The hunters passed out, and returned with fresh fish, otter, or seal, sometimes with moose or bear meat, for these men knew where and how to hunt their quarry.

The wisdom, the natural selection, or the instinct of the bear makes him choose his winter quarters in caves or hollow trees near the tops of outstanding precipices.

* Kequeally—pronounced keek-willy.

Here he will select his den, carry into it plenty of dry grass for a comfortable bed, and curl himself up cosily for his winter sleep, knowing that he is secure from avalanche or landslide. From these retreats the hardy Indian hunter will sometimes rouse his bearship, bringing in his carcase as fat as a Yorkshire pig, and his skin in its furry prime.

Bee-lee had been provided with a suit of clothes made from a red blanket, the fit and make of which Hai-dah thought perfection, for had she not designed it from the tattered garments of the lad, which no longer served either the purposes of decency or warmth?

Many a time the two lads sung and recited, the reiterations never seeming to pall upon their auditors. You might hear coming from many a snow-covered kequeally the tunes of the white men which they had learned from Bee-lee and sang to words of their own.

The Medicine Man grew more and more morose. He had so ill-used the new squaw he had taken that Wa-huks-gum-ala-you allowed her to return to her mother, which was in itself a severe measure and a public reprimand. His feats of the summer appeared to have been forgotten, and his bid for power but little likely of success. But he possessed himself in silence, and remained away from the ranch-a-rie for weeks at a time.

As we had anticipated, Tenase Fox died, withered away with consumption as soon as the cold rains of Fall set in, even before the snow fell. Kwaw-kewlth

had whispered what he had seen the two boys doing with the fire, and their witchcrafts over in the island where they had gone for fish and berries, hinting that Tenase Fox had been their intended victim, and though he, Kwaw-kewlth, had used his best incantations night after night in the forest, those of the white man as taught to Chuck-chuck by Bee-lee were more potent, and he had been unable to break the power of the evil spirit into whose power these lads had given Tenase Fox.

But the people were full, plenty reigned, they cared not for the fate of Tenase Fox. What was he to Wa-huks-gum-ala-you even? Certainly nothing to them. So they spent their care-free winter in their own careless way.

The old men carved bracelets from the gold and silver coins of the white man, and cut nose-rings and lip-extenders of ivory which they had obtained from still more northern tribes in barter for sticks of clams and spawn. Some carved wolf-heads for the high prows of their big canoes; or they fashioned calabashes from hard wood and decorated the edges with shell inlaid, others cut figures from a species of black stone which is easily worked but durable.

The women wove mats from the inner bark of the cedar, alternating squares and lines of different shades. They also wove blankets of a very heavy texture from the hair-like wool of the mountain goat. They made grass hats, baskets, and other things, while the coming braves stood round and eyed the

klootchmen they intended to take to their own lodge as soon as they had won their way to distinction. They dressed deer-hides till they were as soft as the finest Welsh flannel, others made them into garments. Hai-dah, and some of the more expert, embroidered moccasins which had been made by others, in pretty patterns of bead-work.

Among the spoils of the schooner were some novels; these Bee-lee read and Chuck-chuck translated, whilst others retailed the stories in every kequeally. Bee-lee and Chuck-chuck were very happy, no task was too hard for the latter, no labour a trouble so long as Bee-lee was there, and he made himself very essential to the comfort of Hai-dah. Bee-lee grew in stature and in strength. Hai-dah was proud of her *protégé*, for such would have been her own boy had he lived, she told herself, and she would yet see him the husband of her daughter He-he and Chief of her tribe.

CHAPTER XXV

About this time Kwaw-kewlth came in from one of his lonely hunting expeditions, bringing with him not only a good supply of fresh moose and bear meat but the skin of an unusually large polar bear in fine condition. Up the smoke apertures swarmed the Indians of all ages and sizes, in all stages of dress and undress, mostly dragging a skin or a blanket up with them, for very little clothing was needed in these winter illehees. There stood Kwaw-kewlth, his dog team laden with spoils, pretending it was nothing, but swelling with pride, for the bearskin was the admiration of the ranch-a-rie. No one else, not even the Chief, possessed a dog team.

Publicly he presented the magnificent skin to Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, who hesitated for an instant; but the best of everything was his due, and he accepted it somewhat ungraciously. Then he waited, for he knew what the next request would be.

"Will the great Chief Wa-huks-gum-ala-you restore to me my squaw, Kitimaat?"

"Will the Lynx treat her kindly?"

"Even as the other braves and hunters of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you treat theirs."

"The mother of Kitimaat must also descend to your illehee with her—for is not her man dead?"

"Even as the great Chief sayeth," returned Kwaw-kewlth, with a scowl which boded ill.

"Should I again order her release from you, she shall return no more."

Kwaw-kewlth acquiesced, but rage was in his heart, and even then the doom of the good Wa-huks-gum-ala-you was sealed; for the Lynx, as the Chief sometimes called him, was fingering a small bag of deerskin which contained the subtle poison which had rid him of more than one whom he had considered his enemy.

That night a feast was held in the illehee of Kwaw-kewlth, and he ingratiated himself with all who would come and be his guests. A few days later a son was born to him. This probability he had foreseen, and therefore had returned in time to claim Kitimaat before the event, otherwise the Chief could have adopted it as his own had he so wished, or it could have been brought up as a waif and stray of the tribe, no one's special care and the slave of any who required its services.

Kwaw-kewlth had been on his homeward trip, and was casting in his mind as to what present he might propitiate his Chief with, when he had come across two young braves of a friendly tribe, on their way to Wa-huks-gum-ala-you to present the big white skin we have seen, and petition him for the hand of

the half-breed He-he in marriage for the younger. He had journeyed with them for some days, then it had occurred to him that this skin was just what he needed.

Now he not only possessed but he understood the working of a revolver, which, could it have told its tale, would have been found to have been the property of Sandy, the husband of Hai-dah, which she had laid with him in his grave for use in the happy hunting grounds whither he had gone. All unsuspicious of evil the two young braves had started out on their last day's journey to the illehee of the friendly Chief, not unexpected by He-he, for she and the young man had met during the summer, when he had told her of his determination, and she was nothing loth. Yet though she watched for his coming she gave no inkling to her mother, who had been absent in the south at the time of their meeting. She trusted to the impression the lad himself would make upon Wa-huks-gum-ala-you. There was no young man of her tribe to equal him, for although he belonged to the same nation his people were more inland, and lacked, to their advantage, the unusually long arms, heavy body, and short legs of the coast tribe, who almost lived in a sitting posture, either in their canoes in summer or their illehees in winter.

Kwaw-kewlth had not journeyed many days with the braves before he was fully convinced of the purport of this visit. He knew that once the marriage of this young man, who was a nephew of Wa-huks-gum-

ala-you, and He-he was consummated, the Chief would proclaim him as his hereditary successor. Then where would his own aspirations be? He fingered the revolver as it lay within its case, and eyed the young men as they drove their dog team. There was no pity in his cruel heart, only a fear that he might misfire. As the twilight of their last day's journey was fading away, and two or three hours would bring them to their destination, he raised the fatal weapon, two shots rang out, and two braves fell without a word. Then another shot or two sent after the galloping dog teams brought down the leaders, and he was in possession of all the presents intended for Wa-huks-gum-ala-you and He-he. These he cached for future use, taking only the skin of the polar bear for a peace-offering, that he might regain his squaw in time should the expected progeny prove to be male.

The skin had not been dressed, for the braves had made the capture on their way out. So it was taken in hand by the klootchmen in the Chief's illehee. It was spread—fur downwards—over a large, smooth rock, and all the pieces of flesh were carefully picked off as they thawed, then it was saturated with bear's grease, and with other smooth stones the maidens rubbed in the grease until it was as soft as a lady's glove. In the absence of He-he it was turned over, when an arrow-head, beautifully carved from the hardest flint rock, was found embedded in its ear. They all knew from what tribe the arrow-head had come, and the Chief's suspicions were aroused, but he enjoined silence on the finders. He intended to send a friendly

deputation to these people as soon as the waters were free of ice, for his own tribe seldom travelled far except by canoe, whereas the other tribe made their longest journeys over the ice and snow with dog teams. So delay favoured the designs of Kwaw-kewlth, who was determined to strike for power or death as soon as the illehees were deserted in the opening spring.

He had but little time to wait; spring came early, and with a sudden thaw the water poured into the illehees, and all had to camp on higher ground. Naturally there were many severe colds, and a kind of fever or malaria seized upon the people who had left the overheated illehees for the newly erected tepees which, while reeking with water, were set up on the sodden earth, upon which they generally spread their skins and blankets with nothing to raise them off it.

The rapidly melting snows poured down the mountainsides in resistless torrents, cataracts foamed and sparkled, the sun shone out warm and strong; then the sudden blizzard raged, and everything was frozen solid for two weeks. They sought refuge in the community house, and again comfort of a crowded sort reigned.

During this period many of the small, ill-clothed children died, as did the papooses who had only known the hot, dry air of the illehee. Among the latter was the hope and pride of Kwaw-kewlth. He who had never grieved for friend or foe, mother or squaw, grieved bitterly for this child. It "was himself," he said.

But Kwaw-kewlth must be prompt. He used the

fatal means at his disposal, and one awful night the good Chief was doubled up in terrible cramps, and before morning had passed away.

Great was the lamentation, and loud the mourning over him. In his grave they placed his choicest skins, blankets, and weapons, and over it they placed his largest war canoe, upon which was carved a magnificent wolf's head.

Now was Kwaw-kewlth's time. Taking several of the more superstitious and cruel of the tribe, he explained to them the witchcrafts he had seen performed by Chuck-chuck and Bee-lee, accusing them of having caused, not only the slow taking off of Tenase Fox, the unusual leakage of the tepees, and the fevers and deaths which followed, but also the sudden and terrible death of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you. He took them to a place where the thigh-bone of a man was found buried, and all but consumed by fire. This he declared he had discovered only the morning after the Chief's death, and, of course, too late to avert disaster.

Childlike, and easily deceived, they believed him. Still he enjoined secrecy on them for the present, and advised them to keep a watch upon the actions of the lads. He knew that the forests would soon resound with their songs and recitations as the weather improved; that they would build big fires, as they had done before, when all who saw them would believe Kwaw-kewlth's accusation of witchcraft, and witchcraft of such a degree that the Medicine Men of the Indians would be unable to overcome while these boys were allowed to



CHIEF MOOS-TOOS AND FAMILY.

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live, for Bee-lee had taught Chuck-chuck the incantations of the white men.

Kwaw-kewlth now openly demanded the hand of He-he in marriage, to the indignation of Hai-dah, who had always looked upon him as an abject, though hopeless, suitor of her own, forgetting that the early decay of the women of her people had already set its seal of age upon her.

He-he had been told of the incident of the arrow-head, and had come to her own conclusion upon the subject, which was not far from the correct one. So she begged of her mother, while there was yet time, to take a canoe and several of the young men she could depend upon and go to the ranch-a-rie of her sister, the wife of Moos-toos, where they might at least be protected from Kwaw-kewlth until her grandfather's people had come to their senses. Anyway, Moos-toos would have a voice in their councils, and in the choosing of a new Chief—and would it not be Tenac-teeck, his brother, who wanted to marry her last summer?

Hai-dah thought his counsel good, and prepared to abandon Bee-lee to the tender mercies of Kwaw-kewlth, and depart as soon as opportunity offered to the ranch-a-rie of Moos-toos.

Kwaw-kewlth was very insistent, but He-he showed much strategy, and put him off without arousing his animosity.

An event now occurred which gave He-he the time she needed, for the float-ice was still too dangerous for an attempt to cross to the islands.

Some young men from a neighbouring ranch-a-rie came in with the news that twelve of their people had slowly wasted and died during the past winter. Terrible witchcraft must have been at work, which their own Medicine Men had not only been unable to overcome, but could not even trace, so subtle had been the evil spirit which had worked its will among them. The young men, therefore, had come to ask Kwaw-kewlth to come with them, join his incantations with theirs, and break the evil influence which possessed their tribe.

He replied cautiously, that he feared he would have as little power as they if a certain boy of his own tribe, who understood the potent charms of the white man's God, once knew what he was going for, and had time to hoo-doo him before he left. So they left mysteriously and at once. On the way he told them of all the evil done by Bee-lee and Chuck-chuck, and of his own powerlessness to arrest their all too potent charms.

When Kwaw-kewlth reached the tepee of the sick man, son of the Chief, he saw at once that the case was identical with that of Tenase Fox, viz., consumption.

They put forth all their efforts, they filled the lodge with relays of braves, who squatted upon their heels and chanted, beating the tom-toms and rattling the cedar sticks. Then they would grow excited, leap on high, gesticulate, shout, clap their hands, burn different things, and cut themselves with knives and flints.

This they kept up for days, neither giving nourishment to the sufferer nor allowing him to close his eyes in



Kwaw-kewlth. Entominahoo.

THE MEDICINE MEN AT WORK ON THE CHIEF'S SON.

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sleep; for then the evil spirit would regain its hold upon him.

As a last resort, they took him out to the dismantled community house, fastened upon him different charms and amulets, and cutting an incision above each breast, they inserted hooks attached to ropes of cedar, which were placed in the hands of assistants, and carried into the rafters of the house. They expected by this means to draw the evil spirit or spirits out from the incisions, and thus set the young man free. The result was what might have been anticipated, and the young man died.

Then a perfect frenzy seized upon them. They howled, they cut themselves, they fasted, till one man became possessed of the evil spirit which had just left the son of the Chief. It did not make him sick, but gave him the desire to bite pieces of flesh from his living companions, and eat it. He seized a dog, rent it limb from limb, scattering its blood over the maddened crowd. He killed a klootchman, and devoured some of her flesh. He had gone Weh-ti-ko (cannibal).

To prevent further atrocities the strong men seized and bound him with thongs and ropes of cedar. But still he wriggled himself all over the ground, and they concluded stronger means must be taken; for his eyes gleamed in the darkness like those of the cougar and the wild cat.

The Medicine Men, urged by Kwaw-kewlth, said that stakes must be driven through his body. This was difficult under the circumstances, so they struck him on the head and stunned him. This kept him still

long enough for the first stake to be driven near his heart. They drove another through his stomach, and then, as he tore up the earth with his hands, they chopped them off.

There was little the evil spirit could do now but leave him, which after a slight struggle it did.

Then they drove more stakes into him, and bound the body securely lest he might come to life, as the evil spirit had been so strong in him and might return.

Kwaw-kewlth now returned in savage triumph, and many of the men of this tribe with him, as did their Chief Medicine Man, Entominahoo.

CHAPTER XXVI

Arrived at the ranch-a-rie of the late Wa-huks-gum-ala-you, Kwaw-kewlth and Entominahoo accused Chuck-chuck and Bee-lee before the tribesmen of having bewitched both ranch-a-ries and having caused all the ills which had befallen them from the wasting away of Tenase Fox to the death of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you and the young Chief, by using the incantations of the white man as taught by Bee-lee from his war-war (talking) paper, and for which the Indian Doctors had no counter-charm.

There was only one way by which all might be saved, and that was to torture the boys until the evil spirit had left them, and then seek fresh hunting grounds, as these would henceforth be under the curse.

Chuck-chuck was at once taken out to the forest, where Bee-lee had already gone to get pine knots for Hai-dah and He-he, who had already been made to feel the fall in their tribal position. Kwaw-kewlth, the stealthy, knew that their restoration to the head of things social among the squaws would be the strongest inducement to make them subservient to his will, "when he had gained the Chieftainship." But he

reckoned without the Scotch blood of the hitherto laughing He-he. She was not easy to conquer.

Bee-lee saw them coming with poor Chuck-chuck, and knew it meant trouble; he had never seen the tribe in such a state of excitement. What was the use of his trying to do anything against forty or fifty incensed warriors and hunters. He could only hide and hope to be able to do something for his friend after they had left, as he thought they would in all probability beat or torture him, then bind him to a tree and leave him to the mercy of the wolves, whilst they made a hasty retreat, as was invariably their custom after one of these executions, lest the evil spirit leaving the tortured body of the condemned should take possession of another one of the tribe.

They stripped Chuck-chuck and bound him to a tree. Bee-lee was in hopes they would now leave him, as some of them seemed to counsel; but, urged on by Kwaw-kewlth, they made him a target for many arrows, and as each one struck and the poor boy writhed they gloated over the hard time the evil spirit was having.

Some wanted to put an arrow or a bullet into his heart and end it all, but this the Medicine Men, Kwaw-kewlth and Entominahoo, would not allow, declaring that all their work would then have been in vain.

They made the men dig a hole, unbind the writhing Chuck-chuck from the tree, secure him firmly with thongs, prepare him as for burial, and, alive, lower him into his grave, and fill it in.

By the time this had been done they had had a





TRIBE HASTENING TO LEAVE THE HAUNTED CAMPING-GROUND.

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surfeit of cruelty, and remembering they were hungry they sought their lodges or those of their friends.

Bee-lee now lost no time, but dug away at the new earth as fast as his trembling hands would let him. Uncovering first the face of Chuck-chuck, he gave him air. The boy's eyes were rolling in agony. Bee-lee quickly undid the thongs which fastened him, and then, after lying as if dead for some minutes, he rose, passed the sorrowful Bee-lee without seeing him, and sped straight to the lodges of his people.

Here he caused the greatest consternation, for the whole tribe came to the conclusion that the evil spirit which possessed the boy was stronger than death.

Kwaw-kewlth and Entominahoo looked on the event as the final blow to their power. They had failed! What could be worse? Kwaw-kewlth was the first to recover himself, and advised an instant capture, but no one seconded him. Entominahoo cowered in abject fear. The braves looked on in gloomy awe. But Chuck-chuck ran straight ahead of him; never swerving for camp fire or lodge; he seemed, in his small, deformed body, to possess the strength of ten braves. They watched him pass through the fire without any apparent pain, all the dark, horrified eyes of his tribe followed him as he climbed straight to the brow of the precipice above them, then over and over he whirled till he was dashed to atoms below.

The visitors waited for no ceremonious leavetaking. The whole tribe began to make preparations for departure.

At this juncture Kwaw-kewlth came with the information that Hai-dah and her daughter He-he had departed in one of the late Chief's war canoes, with a dozen young men, and were even now on their way to the ranch-a-rie of Moos-toos. He called for volunteers to bring them back, but no response was made. He urged them to find and torture the white boy Bee-lee, telling them that if this was done the safety of the tribe would be assured, and they could return to their kequeally-houses for the winter, instead of having to dig out more. But they laughed at him, asking where his power had gone when two boys were stronger than two Medicine Men! He knew nothing could reinstate him with his tribe, so he seized upon the cowering Entominahoo, and together they pushed off in pursuit of Hai-dah and her people, followed by the jeers of the tribesmen, the taunts of the squaws, and the derision of the youngsters. Striking right out across the open sea so as to intercept them as they crossed, Kwaw-kewlth intended to use his revolver on the young men and then take the squaws whithersoever he would.

The young braves with Hai-dah and He-he had hugged the coast, so as to make their crossing at the narrowest part of the gulf. This was well, for a storm of wind and sleet came up, which lasted for a day and a night, whilst they lay hidden in a sheltered cove, always on the alert for a surprise.

When the sea had calmed down somewhat, they made a start, paddling several miles back along the coast

before crossing, as they found themselves farther south than they had intended, for twelve paddles and an experienced hand like Hai-dah's at the stern to steer soon cover many miles of water.

Paddling cautiously, with a sharp look-out on sea and shore, they espied an upturned canoe. They had no need to stop and examine it to know its owner. A peculiar knot-hole was all they needed to see in order to know that they had been pursued by Kwaw-kewlth, and that he had perished; otherwise they would now be in his hands, had his numbers or his strategy been greater than theirs. So far they felt safe, and almost inclined to return, only that they understand each other so well, and felt certain that after all the late occurrences at the ranch-a-rie it would be deserted, and that the people, for the present, would come over after them to the camping grounds of Moos-toos. So they crossed over to prepare that tribe for the coming of their kinsfolk.

Bee-lee had been in hiding near enough to hear the counsel of Kwaw-kewlth with regard to himself, and had come near betraying his whereabouts, for he knew that no mercy would be shown him if caught, and that the cruel Medicine Man would try to reinstate himself in the confidence of his tribe by using all the atrocities he could command, for he was raging and fuming over the sudden undoing of what had cost him so many years of craft and cruelty. Not that he regretted the latter, except in the case of Chuck-chuck, for had he killed him, he told himself, all would have been well. In his

own mind he had not the least doubt that Bee-lee had been at last instrumental in his undoing, and that in the moment of success. Had he lived there would have been no escape for Bee-lee, and the lad knew it.

After darkness had set in he crept to the tent of Hai-dah, secured a bag of dried meat and a good knife, and betook himself to the forest. He made his way to a cave on the coast where Chuck-chuck and he had often played white man's house, studied, and been happy.

Next day he saw the canoes of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you's people pass quite near, and knew they had left, at least for the summer, and from the numbers and the aspect of the laden canoes he judged the whole tribe were going over to Moos-toos' ranch-a-rie for a war-war, and to choose another Chief, who, from what Chuck-chuck had told him, would be Tanac-teeck, the brother of Moos-toos and grandson of Wa-huks-gum-ala-you.

He was now secure and could fish and make a fire as he chose. Had he known it, there was not the slightest fear that any of them would return, for they had come to the conclusion, as they had neither seen nor heard anything of him since the death of Chuck-chuck, that he had been an evil spirit who had taken its departure with the boy who had been his friend and companion, but that at any time they might expect to find him hovering near the spot where Chuck-chuck was dashed to pieces, ready to charm any unwary Indian with his songs and stories, and then to take possession of him for the ill-luck of his tribe, and the destruction of his

erstwhile friend. Many a year would pass before any of that tribe would set its foot on this particular spot again, for the story of its horrors and its evil genius would grow in the relation of it, till, bad as it was in reality, the fable which would grow out of it would far outdo it in ghostly terrors.

One day Bee-lee paid a visit to the deserted ranch-a-rie, to see if perchance some one might not be left behind, for his loneliness was becoming unbearable. But no such happy chance had fallen out for him, every old crone and cripple had been taken along.

Of course he knew nothing of Kwaw-kewlth's death, and he had made up his mind that if the relentless Medicine Man made his appearance he would either jump into the rapids or leap from the same precipice whence poor Chuck-chuck had ended his agonies. How he longed for his friend! It is quite possible that had he been spared to him Bee-lee would never have cared to return to civilisation.

In one of his wanderings along the beach he came upon the upturned canoe of Kwaw-kewlth. "If Chuck-chuck were here, he could tell me what this means," he said to himself. "Anyway, I can get fish and meat enough to last several days, and then try to get somewhere—but where? Well, I will wait awhile."

He started to fish and prepare a supply for he knew not what. One day as he sat silently fishing, rather far from land, he heard the sound of a steamer's screws. He paddled towards the sound with all speed, and made signals to the seamen to stop. At first they took no

notice, thinking he was only a little Siwash boy, waving to them as they passed, until he came within dangerous propinquity and hailed them in English.

Then, noting his yellow hair, they slowed down and took him aboard. He had forgotten what a forlorn-looking object he must be, dressed in fragments of red blanket, and skins, till he saw himself in a mirror, then he broke down and cried and laughed by turns, till it was hard to know if he was sane or not.

Like good-hearted seamen they fed him first, then they let him have the luxury of hot water, soap, and towels, after which he appeared many shades lighter than when he came on board. They threw his old rags and skins overboard, and hunted up all the smallest "duds" they could find, and Bee-lee felt like Billy again.

After they had heard his story, they remembered that his stepfather had been under arrest upon suspicion of foul play, but had been released as there was insufficient evidence.

Billy made the round of the Hudson Bay coast Forts, as the steamer was collecting furs, sealskins, and fish oils, and leaving winter supplies for those in charge, as well as goods for trading.

Billy arrived in town in the best of health, with a few dollars in his pocket, which his handy and obliging ways had earned for him on board. He started out to look for work right away, feeling quite able to support himself for the future.

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IN PREPARATION

Pioneer Women of the West

By FRANCES E. HERRING

Author of "Canadian Camp Life," "In the Pathless West," "Among the People of British Columbia," "A Pioneer Marriage in Alabama," "A Trip Round Ruget Sound," &c., &c., &c.

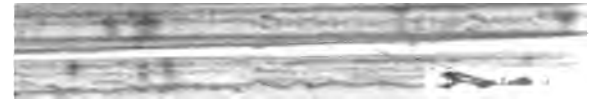
In "Pioneer Women of the West," the Author tells of the trials and triumphs, perils and perseverance, the strength and, alas, the weaknesses of her sex in a country where white women were few and far between. It has its pathos and its humour, as life will have, and such tragedies as could only occur in the wilds of this Western Slope.

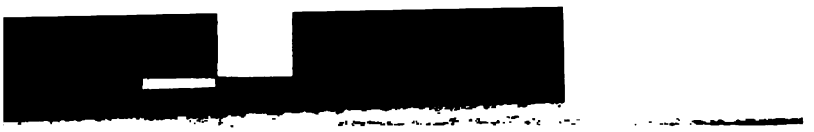
Gold Hunters of the West

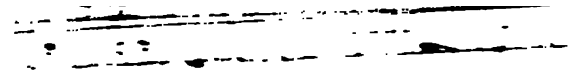
(Will Follow Shortly).

This is a narrative of gold-mining and engineering adventures as far back as 1858; when the Red Indians had seen only the white men of the Hudson Bay Company, and the Pioneer Missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.








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